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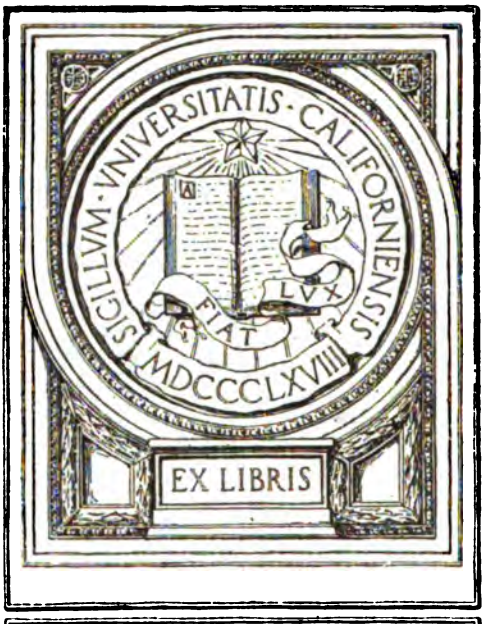

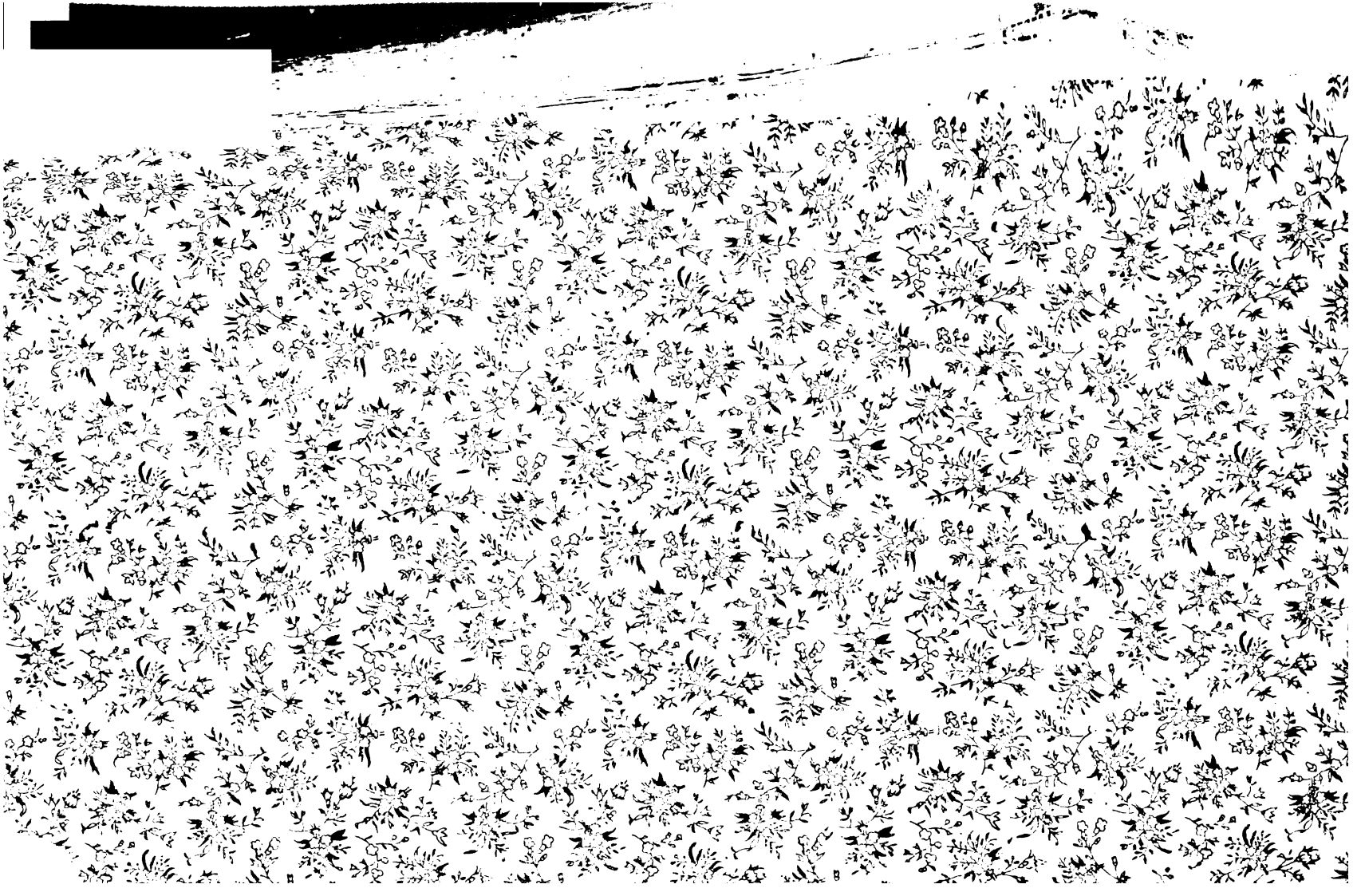

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By WILLIAM S. WEBB, M.D.

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YOSEMITE FALLS.

Popular Edition

CALIFORNIA AND ALASKA

AND OVER

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

BY

WILLIAM SEWARD WEBB

SECOND EDITION

ILLUSTRATED

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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INTRODUCTION.

IN accordance with a time-honored custom, I must, at the outset, explain in a few words why this work is given to the public. In the winter of 1888–9, I determined upon taking a trip with my family across the continent to the Pacific coast, and from thence to the city of Mexico. A few friends were invited to accompany us on our journey. The intention was to be absent about three months and a half, and the 1st of March, 1889, was agreed upon as the starting-day. But the severe illness of my daughter, which began but a few days prior to our time for leaving, disarranged all our plans, and the day of departure was postponed until the first week in April.

The more I thought of this proposed journey, the more interesting and important it seemed to me in the prospective. For, to me

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at least, it was something more than a trip of pleasure, as, indeed, it could not but be to any business man. The journey would cover the most interesting portion of our country—a stretch of territory that is not only the pride of every native of the United States, but the subject of never ceasing wonder on the part of the countless number of educated foreigners who come to our shores with the special purpose of journeying over the same ground. Following up this line of thought, I determined that an expedition of such interest, in which I should enjoy the society not only of my own family but of some of my most valued friends, was worthy of special and unusual preparation. Then it was that I conceived the idea of organizing a private train for the party, to include a baggage-car, a dining-car, and two special cars.

This train was to run what railroad men call "special" from start to finish, *i. e.*, it was to be entirely independent of time-tables, starting when we wished and running at any rate of speed we might elect. Of course, under such a scheme the party would be relieved of any anxiety they might otherwise have had in regard to making connections.

There were twelve in the party, to wit: Mrs. Webb, Frederika, Watson, and "Toots"; Mr. and Mrs. Purdy, Dr. McLane, Julian Kean, George Bird, my brothers Louis and Frank, and myself.

The unavoidable delay caused by the illness of my daughter, already referred to, found the season so far advanced when the time came to start that we were obliged to omit our visit to the city of Mexico. We decided, however, that immediately after leaving Omaha we would travel to the southward and eventually reach the warm climate of Southern California.

A journey like this, interesting under ordinary conditions, would seem to be especially noteworthy for the manner in which it was performed, and, on that account, worthy of being chronicled. Hence it is that I have seen fit to give an unpretentious and, I trust, not entirely uninteresting story of our travels, supplemented by illustrations which will be found helpful as interpreters of the text.

The literature on the subject of the western part of our country is quite large, and I am indebted to several writers for the verification and amplification of certain facts, which came to my notice generally during the journey—

more particularly to the excellent works of Brace, Bowles, Harper, Nordhoff, and Simpson.

It is said that "travelling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary along with him." We certainly took good care to carry our eyes with us, making the best use of them that we could, and our itinerary was practically laid out months before we commenced our undertaking, which, at the close, we found to have been full of wisdom and pleasure. It is to be hoped that the reader will receive, at least, a reflection of these pleasant experiences in a perusal of the following pages.

WILLIAM SEWARD WEBB.

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CALIFORNIA AND ALASKA

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THE SPECIAL TRAIN

FROM NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA AND ALASKA

CHAPTER I.

HOW WE TRAVELLED.

THE special train of four cars in which we made our journey was probably the most thoroughly equipped and most luxurious one that has ever been used by a party of travellers. On that account the reader will be interested in a description of it.

The first car was what is called a "combination car." The forward part of it was used for the storage of baggage; next to this apartment was a sleeping-room for the cooks and

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porters. After this a bath-room, and next adjoining a large smoking- or drawing-room, at one end of which was a Chickering piano, and at the other a desk, a complete library, and proper compartments for guns, fishing-rods, and sporting paraphernalia. This smoking-room was intended as a sitting-room for the gentlemen of the party during the evening or daytime. This car, called "Buffet No. 60," was kindly loaned to me by Mr. John Newell, President of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company.

The dining-car came next. All the tables had been taken from it, and in their places an ordinary dining-table, side-tables, etc., had been put in, the same as in a house. Next came a car I had formerly used as a special car, the "Mariquita," which had been remodelled into a nursery-car, and which was occupied by Mrs. Webb, the three children, two nurses, and a maid. Last of all was my new private car "Ellsmere." This was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Purdy, Dr. McLane, Mr. Louis Webb, Mr. George Bird, Mr. Julian Kean, Mr. Frank Webb, and myself.

In the Buffet car and the "Ellsmere," respectively the first and last cars of the train,

were large gongs, which could be rung from any of the cars; these were used in the daytime to call servants from one part of the train to the other, and were to be used at night in case of an attack by highwaymen. There

have been cases heretofore where trains, like stage-coaches of old, have been "held up" and their occupants compelled to deliver up their valuables at the urgent request of some desperate border ruffian. Such instances are, of

course, not very common in the present advanced state of Western civilization, but we thought it advisable to follow the Irishman's suggestion—"it is better to be sure than sorry,"—and we were consequently well prepared to give any such intruders a warm reception. Our crew of men on the train during the daytime was in charge of Colonel Oscar Eastmond, who had served in the United States army during the war, and since then had been holding the position of conductor. On our road to the Pacific coast we had one of Pinkerton's best detectives, who took charge of the train at night. After leaving the Pacific coast, Colonel Eastmond took charge of the train at night, and slept in the daytime.

The cooking on board our train was in the hands of two of the oldest and best-tried cooks on the road, and eight of the best porters were selected for the party. The train was also so arranged as to be heated by steam from the engines.

Through the kindness of Mr. Van Horne, of Montreal, a new steel steamship, belonging to the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, and which, about this time, had just arrived on the

Pacific coast, was chartered for a two weeks' cruise in Alaskan waters. She was entered as the writer's yacht in the Yacht Club, and carried his yachting colors during the cruise.

Our start from under the 45th Street bridge at the Grand Central Depot, in the great metropolis, was marked by more than the ordinary excitement which usually attends events of that kind. A large number of friends had gathered there to see the party start out, and to wave their parting salutes as they called out "a pleasant journey and a safe return"—a journey which was to take us four times across the continent, up into the land of seals, and through the British dominions.

CHAPTER II.

FROM NEW YORK TO OMAHA.

We arrived at Niagara Falls on Sunday morning, the 7th of April. We spent some time in admiring the scenery, which was of course not new to us, and with which the reader is probably familiar. The Falls of Niagara are beautiful at all times, but there was something in the rich, golden sunrise of that lovely April morning which lent an additional beauty to the view. The sight of such a sunrise recalled our early reading of "Childe Harold":

> The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
> With breath all incense, and with cheeks all bloom,
> Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
> And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
> And glowing into day.

We started for Detroit at a few moments past five in the morning, our first stop being

at St. Thomas, one hundred and fifteen miles from the Falls, where we changed engines. The distance from St. Thomas to Windsor, one hundred and eleven miles, we ran in one hundred and seven minutes.

At Windsor, where the transport was in waiting and where we were transferred to the Detroit side, our first mishap occurred. In taking the train off the transport the coupling between the "Mariquita" and the dining-car was broken. This caused a delay of three quarters of an hour. From Detroit to Chicago our running time was faster, if anything, than on the Canada Southern division, the indicator at one time registering a speed of sixty-nine miles an hour. Between Niles and Michigan City, a distance of thirty-six and a half miles, we covered in the remarkable time of thirty-two minutes, including one stop for grade crossing, which occupied at least two minutes. We arrived at Kensington, near Chicago, at 5.6, having made the run from Suspension Bridge to Kensington, four hundred and ninety-seven and a half miles, in eleven hours and eleven minutes, not including the delay of three quarters of an hour at Detroit. All switches were spiked,

and all freight and passenger trains sidetracked to enable us to make this fast run. Notwithstanding the remarkable speed at which we travelled, none of the party realized the rapid rate at which we ran all day.

In thinking over these wonderful performances of locomotive speed we are reminded of the phenomenal growth and development of the railway in the last century. It seems almost incredible that the first locomotive, invented in London only eighty-five years ago, could not make steam, and could neither travel fast nor draw a heavy load. The first locomotive in this country was run in 1829, and operated by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, connecting the coal mines with the canal. That same year Peter Cooper experimented with a little locomotive, and once related, with great glee, how, on the trial trip, he had beaten a gray horse attached to another car.

On our arrival at Chicago our division superintendent, Mr. Spoor, and a number of railroad men were waiting to meet us. The party, with the exception of the children, went to the Richelieu Hotel, where we dined. In the meantime the train was sent on the

belt line to the Chicago and Northwestern Depot.

We left Chicago a little after eight o'clock Monday morning, April 8th, and arrived in Council Bluffs, four hundred and ninety-three miles from Chicago, in about twelve hours, the quickest time that has ever been made between these two points. As on the Michigan Central, the road was cleared, and the switches were spiked the entire distance. We had only one engine with the same engineer all the distance from Chicago to Council Bluffs. This circumstance is remarkable, for the distance has never been covered before in one run by one engine. The officials of the road, however, had spare engines at different points, fired up with crews in waiting to take the place of ours should anything give out. A master mechanic was also sent all the way through with the train, in order to be in readiness should any accident occur to the engine. Our engineer, not being accustomed to the last three divisions of the road, had a pilot over each division, and was thus enabled to keep up his high speed.

On our arrival at Council Bluffs, through some misunderstanding, the Union Pacific

Railroad had an engine and crew ready to take us through "special" to Ogden, they having conceived the idea that it was our intention to go directly through to the Pacific coast *via* the Union and Central Pacific lines, and had arranged to give us a very fast run to the coast. There is no doubt that had we gone by their line we should have made the quickest time from ocean to ocean that has ever been made, or is likely to be made for years to come. Mr. Orr, their representative, met us at the Union Depot, and taking special engine and car we went with him to see the city of Omaha, returning late in the evening.

Council Bluffs is one of the oldest towns in Western Iowa. As early as 1846 it was known as a Mormon settlement and called Kanesville, a name which it retained until 1853, when the Legislature granted a charter designating the place as the City of Council Bluffs. The city includes within her corporate limits about twenty-four square miles, and the surrounding country is rich in farming land.

From the appearance of the country we passed through at this time we were reminded that springtime was at hand. In various sec-

tions we saw the farmers ploughing, and the grass starting out of the ground. The soil was of a dark color, evidently of sufficient richness to be independent of a fertilizer. One does not wonder that farmers in this section of the country can raise from forty to forty-five bushels of corn to the acre.

When we entered the State of Iowa, which we did after passing Fulton, the large amount of stock, especially cattle, seen on every farm, was particularly noticeable.

At every town between Chicago and Omaha there were groups of people at the various stations, ranging in numbers from fifty to five hundred, waiting to see our train go through. For it was known all along the line of the road that our excursion party was coming, from the fact that the switches at all stations had been spiked, all trains side-tracked, and employés of the road near the several stations had been placed with white flags at the different crossings just previous to the passage of the train. These peculiar preparations, of course, brought an inquiring crowd about, who waited to see our train pass through.

The city of Omaha, to which point our special train was taken on the morning of the

9th, furnishes a striking example of Western growth and enterprise. Each time that the visitor stops here he finds some new evidence of improvement. Portions of the town that, but a few months before, were barren plains, are laid out in streets and lined with substantial houses of fine appearance. The railroad terminals and properties near the depot serve to indicate that this city is one of the most important railroad centres of the West.

Omaha was settled in 1854, when a few squatters fixed upon this section for their residence, the country at that time being a part of the Territory of Nebraska. The situation of the town commands for it an extensive trade with the West. The shops of the Union Pacific Railroad, the smelting works for refining silver ore from the mountains, and manufactories of various kinds give employment to many mechanics and laborers. The bridge across the Missouri, built by the Union Pacific Company, and costing over a million dollars, is one of the finest structures of the kind in the country. It stands sixty feet above high-water mark, and has, besides a railroad track, a street-car track and a wagon way.

The ride from Omaha to Kansas City was through a part of the country which was new to most of us, and full of interest. We followed the river route the whole distance to Kansas City, passing the city of Leavenworth, one of the largest and most flourishing towns in the State, surrounded by one of the richest agricultural regions in the valley of the Missouri. In 1853, only thirty-six years ago, the site of this city was covered with hazel-brush, and wolves roamed about the country unmolested. Now it has schools, churches, academies, and theatres. It is the headquarters for outfitting government supply trains for Western posts, and has a very large trade with the Territories. The government farm, located here, is one of the largest and most productive in the country. Fort Leavenworth, two miles from the city, is situated on a bluff one hundred and fifty feet high, and was established in 1827. Connected with the fort is stabling for eight thousand horses and fifteen thousand mules.

Our stop at Omaha was made particularly agreeable and noteworthy from the fact that, soon after our arrival, Bishop Worthington of the Episcopal Diocese of Nebraska called upon us, and took the ladies of the party for a drive

around the city. We did not have such a pleasant experience at Kansas City. Through some misunderstanding on the part of the railroad officials, our train, instead of being taken into the depot, was left in the freight yards. As a result of this arrangement, the ladies were deprived of the pleasure of visiting various points of interest in the city. Some of the gentlemen of the party, with considerable difficulty, managed to find their way to the passenger depot, and rode about town in the well-known cable cars. Though Kansas City was settled in 1830, it was twenty-five years before it began to improve and increase in population. After the breaking out of the war its commerce was almost ruined, but with peace came prosperity, and since 1865 its advance has been marvellous. Kansas City has the honor of having built the first bridge across the Missouri, which it did at a cost of one million dollars.

Soon after our arrival at this place the Pinkerton night-watchman reported for duty —his services being considered necessary from Kansas City to San Francisco.

When passing through Topeka, on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, Mr.

Robinson, the General Manager of the road, called upon us and, on behalf of the President of the company, extended to us the use of his company's line on our Western trip, courteously adding that arrangements had been made to make our trip as pleasant as possible.

The country through which we passed at this time, though very flat and sparsely populated, seemed admirably adapted to farming. The appearance of the farms and buildings showed that the people enjoyed more than the usual degree of prosperity peculiar to pastoral life.

A notable sight served to recall the past history of this country, and place it in sharp contrast with the present—this was the old cattle trails used by ranchmen in driving their cattle from Texas and the South into Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota, before railroads had been built to perform such service quickly and cheaply. Sitting in our luxuriously appointed palace-car, and noting this point of interest, together with the overland wagon roads used in former years, we could not but recall the vast progress that has been made of late years in furnishing transportation facilities for a journey across the continent.

CHAPTER III.

DENVER AND COLORADO SPRINGS.

We reached Pueblo, the chief city of Southern Colorado, on the evening of April 10th, where we were delayed for two hours, owing to a wash-out. The Spanish-speaking people and the French hunters and trappers who lived in this section before the march of improvement began, gave queer-sounding names to the mountains, streams, and the small settlements as they began to be formed. Pueblo is a sample; but when the early settlers came they soon changed all this, and the brakemen on the Western roads certainly have cause to be thankful that plain Anglo-Saxon names have replaced the queer titles that were common in the early days.

It was so cold coming up the grade over the mountains that we had to build fires in all the cars, but when we reached Denver we found the weather warm and pleasant. Our stop at

this point was made more agreeable from the fact that we received our mail, which had come over the Union Pacific line from Chicago. We sent a mail-bag East with letters from all parties to relatives and friends at home. The chronicler of the expedition had *talked* into a phonograph a diary of the experiences that had befallen the party since starting from New York. The cylinders containing this material were included in the outgoing mail, and were in such a shape that they could be transcribed by a clerk into "every-day English."

Denver has a right to lay claim to the title "Queen City of the Plains"; it is to-day one of the largest and, in many respects, one of the handsomest towns in the West. Twenty years ago its population was only fifteen hundred; to-day it has over eighty thousand inhabitants. Thirty years ago the inhabitants formed an odd social mixture. There were refined and educated men from the Eastern towns, and there were rough and disreputable characters, hailing from the purlieus of our great cities and the rough settlements of the far West, all animated with one purpose—the search for gold. In 1873 Denver suffered from the financial disaster which had

been felt in the East, and in 1875 and 1876 it was visited with the grasshopper plague, which resulted in a great loss of crops and the withdrawal of a large amount of capital from the banks. After these clouds of adversity came the sunshine of prosperity, only two years later, in 1877, when the export of beeves was the largest ever known. Two years ago the real-estate sales amounted to $29,345,451, an increase of eighteen millions over those for the year 1886.

Though Denver is a thorough, go-ahead, practical city, where money and business enterprise are highly appreciated and made the most of, it is claimed that the town contains more resident college graduates than any other town of the same size in the United States. It makes no pretensions to be a literary centre ; the class of literature found in its wholesale and retail book-stores, however, shows it to be abreast of the culture of the day.

Denver may be called the commercial centre of Colorado, and, in some respects, resembles the thriving town of Springfield, Massachusetts. It is situated on a series of plateaus, fifteen miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The selection of the site was

made by accident. The early gold-hunters who went into the State found a few grains of gold in the sandy bed of Cherry Creek, a small stream that flows into the South Platte River near the town. The hunters called the place Auraria, a decidedly appropriate cognomen. When it became known that gold had been found in this vicinity, hunters came from all parts of the States as well as New Mexico, and it became, even for those times, a thriving settlement, where hunters and miners could replenish their stores and complete their outfits for expeditions into the mountains. As a matter of fact very little gold was found here, but the adventurers kept up the delusion of the fabulous richness of the mountain placers as long as they could. When the bubble finally burst, the town was named Denver, in honor of Col. J. W. Denver, who was then the Governor of Kansas, in which all this mountain region was at that time included.

Fifteen railroads to-day centre in Denver. The Union Depot would be a credit to any of our well-developed Eastern cities. It is constructed almost entirely of stone quarried in the State, and is 503 feet long by 69 feet wide. The central tower is 165 feet high, and con-

tains an illuminated clock. An idea can be formed of the immense amount of railroad traffic carried on in this structure when it is stated that over two hundred thousand pieces of baggage are handled within its walls in the course of a year.

Denver is practically supported by the three great industries, mining, agriculture, and stock-raising. Though silver was not found until 1870, the yield of that metal in 1886 was nearly $17,000,000. Ore is sent to the city not only from Colorado but from New Mexico and Old Mexico, Montana, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, and South America. Of six million acres of agricultural land in Colorado, two thirds have been taken up, and millions of dollars are invested in raising cattle and sheep.

The city itself has a very inviting appearance. We drove through its handsome streets, and admired the beautiful residences and buildings to be seen on every hand, not forgetting that this wonderful development was the growth of the last twenty-five years.

After seeing everything of interest in the city, and obtaining certain necessary supplies, we left for Colorado Springs. This is a beauti-

ful city, charmingly situated at the foot of Pike's Peak. When Lieutenant Zebulon Pike was ordered, in 1806, by General Wilkinson, to explore the region between Missouri and the frontier of Mexico, he described the great peak, saying that it "appeared like a small blue cloud." He named it Mexican Mountain, but afterwards, in honor of his bravery, it was given the name of Pike's Peak.

It may not be generally known that we owe the existence of Colorado Springs to a railroad company—or rather, to the National Land and Improvement Company, which was started by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company. This organization purchased a tract of land, five miles distant from the Springs, and spent large sums in laying out broad streets and planting along their sides rows of cottonwood trees. It expended forty thousand dollars for the construction of a canal so that water could be brought to the town. In order to develop the place, it gave a valuable building lot for church purposes to each of the Christian denominations. Each deed of land provided a heavy penalty in case liquor should be sold, or otherwise disposed of, on the premises.

How far these temperance principles are carried out at the present time, we do not know. We have heard, however, that when a man wants his beer, he gets a certificate of membership in a "beer" club, thus becoming a shareholder, and the law cannot prevent him from using the beverage.

Colorado Springs is noted, far and near, as a health resort, and, during the summer months, its hotels are crowded with health-seekers from Western Kansas and Southern California. In the winter season many New Yorkers and residents of our large Eastern cities are seen on its streets. According to competent medical authority, the climate and waters are good in cases of nervous exhaustion, bad circulation, defective nutrition, and malaria. The climate is also said to be good for consumptives, setting the healthy processes of life going with increased vigor. Persons who are affected with heart trouble, however, are not advised to visit this section of the country.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PARKS OF COLORADO.

On the morning of April 12th, soon after breakfast, our party divided, some starting in carriages, and some on horseback, for Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, others taking a different direction.

Manitou, much to the delight of its residents, has gained the name of the Saratoga of the West. It is about five miles from Colorado Springs, and has grown from a small settlement of log cabins to a good-sized village. It lies at the base of Pike's Peak, and seems perfectly hemmed in by surrounding hills, and altogether shut off from the outside world. The air is very fine, and the waters are said to be a cure for rheumatism, liver troubles, blood poisoning, and diabetes. It seems that the Indians of Colorado, in early times, were in the habit of using these waters

when they felt the need of a tonic. The beneficial effects of the climate and the waters are illustrated by the saying of the Western man, that he was kept there simply as an example of what the country would do for a man, adding, that he came from Chicago on a mattress.

"The Garden of the Gods" is the fanciful title which has been bestowed upon a valley of small dimensions, lying about four miles from Colorado Springs. Its special features are a number of shelf-like rocks, upheaved into perpendicular position, some of them rising to about three hundred and fifty feet in height. The road enters the Garden through a narrow passage-way, between two towering but narrow ledges of cliffs. This entrance is called the gateway. The rocks are mostly of a very soft brilliantly red sandstone, although one ridge of cliffs is of a white sandstone. Some of the foot-hills in the vicinity are surmounted by similar upheavals, forming ridges of serrated rock, while round the main cliff in the valley are separate spire-like columns. These rock formations for years have been a feature of peculiar interest to the geologist.

These parks are really nothing more than large fertile valleys, shut in by the spurs or

branches of the Rocky Mountains. North Park, which lies in the extreme northern part of the State, has not been thoroughly explored and settled, owing to its remote situation and colder climate. Its forests abound with bear, deer, and other wild game, and it is a favorite resort for the adventurous sportsman.

Middle Park is directly south of North Park, and is surrounded by Long's Peak, Gray's Peak, and Mount Lincoln, each from thirteen thousand to fifteen thousand feet high. Its territory is made up of forests and large, expansive meadows, among the grasses of which will be found wild flowers of nearly every hue. South Park lies below. It is surrounded by high mountains, and its climate and scenery are delightful.

San Luis Park, in Southern Colorado, is about twice the size of the State of New Hampshire. In its centre there is a beautiful lake, and its mountains are covered with forests of pine, fir, spruce, oak, and cedar, and large meadows which produce a rich growth of grasses. Cattle obtain the most wholesome subsistence on the grasses of the plains below, and medicinal springs are found in every direction.

Monument Park, which is reached by the Rio Grande and Denver road, is so called from its resemblance to a vast cemetery containing monuments of a departed and long-forgotten race. These monuments are composed of a very close conglomerate, surmounted by a material of darker color and harder texture.

Two of our party, on this occasion, with an engine and one of our cars, took a trip up the Colorado Midland Railroad, over the mountains, as far as Green Mountain Park. This is a beautiful, sequestered little nook, and contains a summer hotel, surrounded by green and well-kept lawns. There is a fountain, too, and the whole appearance of the place is in striking contrast with the cold peaks of granite and snow that surround the settlement. On our return we took up the rest of the party at a way station, and all returned to Colorado Springs.

The scenery on the Colorado Midland road is extremely fine, and the journey was especially interesting, from the fact that we saw some wonderful specimens of engineering work. The bridges and viaducts on this road are truly remarkable. In places the grade is

from two hundred and eighty to three hundred and ten feet a mile. The curves are very frequent; the road-bed winding first through a tunnel, then passing over a precipice across gorges, all the time pursuing a serpentine course, now twisting this way, now that, in making the ascent of the mountain. So steep are the grades that not more than twelve freight cars are allowed to go down the mountain with one engine, and six of these are required to be equipped with air brakes.

As the railroad pursues its winding way along the side of the mountain, the passengers can look down into the gorge below, and see the old road which the Forty-niners used in their perilous trips across the continent to the gold-fields. Many travellers, it is said, were waylaid and killed in this section by the Indians; and many others lay down to die, utterly worn out with fatigue, after their long and unsuccessful wanderings in search of the precious metal.

From Colorado Springs we went to Pueblo. At that place, through the courtesy of the officials of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, an observation car was placed at our disposal, and we made a run over their line of about

forty-four miles to Canyon City, through the Royal Gorge, in which the Arkansas River runs.

In many places the sides of the canyon through which this stream flows are so close that the only way a railroad could be built there was by putting rafters from one side to the other and suspending the track from them over the surging torrent beneath.

Our party enjoyed this trip very much, and returned to Pueblo in time for dinner. Mr. Drake, Superintendent of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, now left us, having been in our company two days; he had shown us all the points of interest along the route.

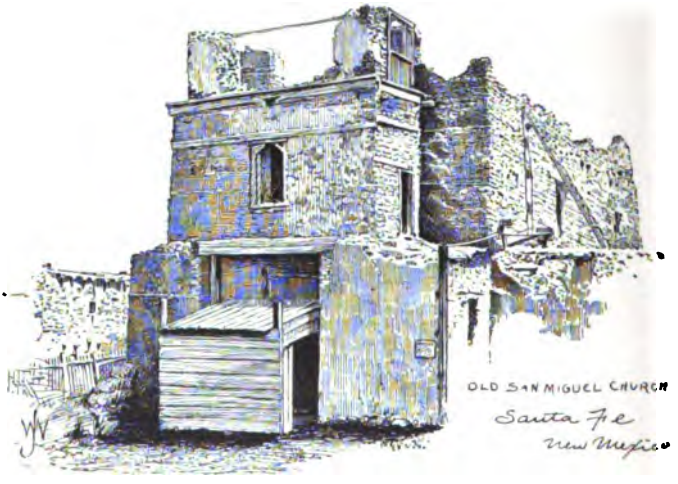
CHAPTER V.

SANTA FÉ.

On the morning of April 13th we left Trinidad with one enormous consolidated locomotive and one mogul locomotive, and started over the Raton Range. The grade at this point is very steep, and it took these two heavy engines to haul our train over. A little over thirty years ago, "the Army of the West," then under command of General Kearny, marched over almost the same route the railroad takes to-day. When the soldiers crossed the Raton Mountains they were often obliged to drag the wagons up with ropes on one side, and let them down on the other in the same way.

At the top of the mountains we passed through a long tunnel and then commenced the descent of the western slope. The tunnel is approached on either side by a very heavy

grade, and in some places shows singular seams or streaks of coal in its inner walls. Mr. Dyer, Superintendent of the New Mexico division of the Santa Fé road, had joined us at Trinidad, and very kindly pointed out to us the objects of interest. We arrived at Las Vegas (which, in English, means "the meadows") about noon. It is at this point that passengers leave the train for the Hot Springs, about seven miles distant.



The old Plaza, a short distance away from the railroad station at Las Vegas, is said to

look about the same as when General Kearny, after crossing the mountains, stood there and made an address to the Mexican people. There is an ancient church with a rude cross in front. A large singular-looking three-story building also attracts the attention of the visitor. This is a hotel evidently of a rather primitive pattern. A certain witty traveller once stopped here, and the landlord assured him that he had slept in the same bed which, centuries ago, had been occupied by Montezuma. In a burst of confidence the landlord also added that he intended soon to put an additional story on the structure. "I told him," said the traveller, "that he 'd better put a new story on the kitchen, and another coat of whitewash on those slats I slept on."

The weather in this section was warm, almost summer-like. As we receded from the country we had just been visiting, we looked back and saw the snow-capped mountains to the north of us, in the distance. As we journeyed to the south their towering icy peaks gradually grew smaller and smaller, and when we finally gained a complete entrance into the Southern land, they seemed like mere specks on the horizon.

At Lamy, where we arrived about two o'clock, we left the main line and ran up to Santa Fé, reaching the quaint old city in a little over an hour. Our party there divided, some taking carriages and others walking, and started out to see the town. The most enthusiastic traveller would not call it a very inspiring place. The evidences of extreme poverty, dirt, and squalor were met with on every side, and these the bright sun and genial climate seemed rather to enhance than to modify. Poverty, when seen in some portions of a tropical climate, is neither sad nor disheartening, but there was something about the appearance of the poor of this town that was peculiarly depressing to the visitor. In a large public square we noticed a number of improvements being made by a gang of convicts, who were guarded by keepers stationed around the fences, seated on boxes or other improvised seats, each one with a heavy Winchester rifle across his lap.

While in this part of the country we cannot fail to recall the fact that in 1527 a Spaniard, landing in what is now Florida, made an overland journey which occupied him nine years, passing through the country now known as

New Mexico, and finally reached the City of Mexico.

We have already alluded to the enterprising soldier and explorer, Z. M. Pike, who did much to start the profitable trade over what for years has been known as the Santa Fé Trail. This old town, and the settlement adjacent to it had, up to that time, been dependent upon Mexico for the various supplies they needed. Four men who started in 1812, animated by the spirit of commercial enterprise, reached Santa Fé in safety, but they did not get back home until nine years later, having been imprisoned on some pretext or other. In the following year, however—1813,—the famous Santa Fé Trail was really opened. It is about eight hundred miles in length, and remains very much to-day as it was half a century ago, when the necessities of commercial intercourse led to its being opened.

The first traders used mules or pack-horses in carrying their merchandise, and it was not until 1824 that it was deemed advisable to employ wagons in the traffic. After this method of transportation was introduced, the amount of trade increased wonderfully. The initial points were towns on the Missouri

River, about one hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis. What a motley group of characters must have gathered at these centres in the early days of travel across the plains! Of course there were traders, adventurers, plenty of that class of men who have failed in nearly every undertaking, and who may be called "the misfits" of life; there were young men who came from the East to the new country, ready to take their chances in almost any kind of speculation; and there were old men who thought, as their lives were going out toward the setting sun of existence, their fortunes might as well tend in the same direction, and, singular to say, there were many invalids who believed that this rough journey across the plains, with its open-air life and excitement, might be to them a means of regaining the health they had lost.

The quaint wagons, or "schooners," as they came to be called, were at first drawn by horses, then mules, and finally by mules and oxen. A party or caravan would number about one hundred wagons, and would be divided into four equal sections, each in charge of some responsible man. At night the caravan would come to a halt, form a

hollow square, and each member, in turn, would be obliged to mount guard. If these lay soldiers could have stood up together, the sight of them would surely have furnished a greater fund of amusement than Falstaff's ragged band of warriors, for here were men representing not only all degrees of fortune, but all the leading nationalities, some of them, during their midnight vigils, as brave and tempestuous as the lion-hearted Richard, others exhibiting the amusing cowardice of Bob Acres.

In addition to the merchandise, each wagon carried a good supply of staples, flour, sugar, coffee, and bacon; for fresh meat they depended upon killing buffaloes along the route.

One of the most interesting things we saw as we came down the Raton Range through a pleasant valley, was the large "Maxwell Grant," representing one and three-quarter million acres. While we were passing through this section, we saw thousands and thousands of cattle roaming about, and twice during the day our train ran into a number of them that had broken through the wire fence, unfortunately killing a few of the poor creatures each time. It was a strange sight, also, to see beautiful ante-

lope occasionally dart up close to the track, and then scamper away at the sound of the locomotive whistle.

Our journey over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road we found very interesting on account of the beautiful scenery along the route. The mechanical and working condition of the road, also, was far better than we had expected to find it. Its motive power is certainly equal to that of any road in the Eastern States, and, as far as could be seen, it is kept in perfect repair.

A word or two about our domestic life upon the train, to which, by this time, we had become thoroughly accustomed. It certainly seemed strange to us, while travelling through a wild and desolate country, to listen to the notes of the piano in the buffet-car, which we found the pleasantest of lounging places, as we spent nearly every evening after dinner there singing and playing, the ladies generally retiring about ten, the rest of the party about eleven, after talking over what we had seen during the day.

It was a long journey for children to undertake, but they remained perfectly well, and it was surprising to see how quickly the little

ones became used to the motion of the train. For two or three days after we started, it was a matter of considerable difficulty for them to maintain their equilibrium in their journeys about the car; this was particularly the case with the baby. They had many a fall, which, however, in the excitement of the journey, they took with much good-nature, and it was not long before they could navigate about their swift-moving nursery with as much confidence as the oldest railroad conductor on the road.

It was a matter of great good-fortune to us that we brought the dining-room car, for there was scarcely a meal at which there were not present one or two guests. On various divisions of the roads we travelled over, we entertained the officials who showed us so much courtesy, and it would have been utterly impossible to have cooked for such a large party in the kitchen of either the "Ellsmere" or the "Mariquita." We found, too, that our stores held out well, which was a matter to be thankful for, as it would have been very difficult, in fact impossible, to get some of them in the sparsely settled country through which we passed. We received telegrams from home

every day, and were thus kept *en rapport* with the domestic scenes we had left, and we were careful to send dispatches quite as often to the members of our respective families.

CHAPTER VI.

SANTA MONICA.

OWING to some misunderstanding, we were delayed in getting a crew on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, and lost considerable time on this account. This was the only road we had been over which did not provide a division superintendent to call attention to the scenery and point out the objects of interest. The country was flat, and deserted-looking, and the train meandered through it over a poor road-bed at a slow rate of speed. As we came over the Arizona divide down to the Colorado River, the scenery was very fine. When we crossed Cañon Diablo, the gruesome remembrance came to us that but two weeks before that time a train was "held up" by robbers.

While singing hymns on Sunday evening, at a station where the train stopped to take water, an old resident of the neighborhood

came to our buffet-car, the door of which had been left open on account of the heat. He received a pleasant greeting, and apologized for his intrusion by saying that he wanted to hear us sing the hymns and play the piano, as the music was something he never heard out there; it was thirty years since he had been in any part of the country where religious tunes were sung.

The scenery near a point called Flag Staff was very peculiar and different from anything that we had seen on this road thus far. An hour or so before reaching this point, we entered a large grove of yellow pine-trees through which we rode until we reached the station mentioned. We passed through the Mojave Desert early on the morning of Monday, April 15th; as there was a very heavy dew the night before, we fortunately did not suffer from the dust to any extent. This desert must truly be a terrible place to pass through on a hot summer's day. With the exception of the stubbly cactus, not a particle of vegetation of any kind can be seen as far as the eye can reach.

On our arrival at Barstow, the officials of the California Central Railroad gave our train

a fine run over the San Bernardino Mountains. In the high altitudes which we traversed we passed through snow near the summits of the hilltops; then, coming down the mountain (the grade being one hundred and ninety feet per mile;) we gradually entered a beautiful green and fertile valley. The town of San Bernardino, which was an old Mormon settlement, is located here, and just before entering it, we passed through an orange grove covered with a wealth of beautiful flowers. The grass in the fields was growing luxuriantly, and the contrast between the cold and desolation of the mountain heights we had just left and the beautiful valley we were entering was truly remarkable.

The whole valley is walled in by bold and precipitous mountains formed of soft, white stone, giving them the appearance of white sand. Fruit of all kinds grows in abundance, particularly the orange and the lemon.

From San Bernardino we took the California Southern road to Los Angeles, passing through Pasadena, celebrated for its orange and fruit groves; the temptation to stop here was very great, but had to be resisted. At Los Angeles the agent of the Central Pacific

Railroad Company met our party, presenting a very kind letter from Mr. Towne, the General Manager, who urged us to make our own plans for travelling over his road, stating that every convenience would be at our command, and adding that we should not hesitate to call upon him for any service we wanted. An engine and crew were placed at our disposal immediately with orders to remain with us as long as we required their services.

We left at once for Santa Monica, a charming watering-place on the coast but a few miles distant. It was here that we obtained our first view of the Pacific Ocean, the sight of which served to remind us more strongly than could a glance at our itinerary of the vast amount of territory we had covered; for it was only nine days before this that we had left the Grand Central Depot in New York, and felt the warm hand-pressure of our friends who had bade us good-bye. Considering the number of nights we did not travel, and the number of days spent in visiting different points of interest, the trip had been truly remarkable. We had cause to be thankful, also, that there had been no accidents of any importance, and that all our party were in the

SOUTH PASADENA, SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS, AND RAYMOND HOTEL.

enjoyment of perfect health. Every part of our train, up to this time, stood the trip remarkably well, with the exception of the brake shoes, the wear upon which was so severe coming over the Raton Range, that they had to be renewed later on.

On our arrival at the sea-coast the children expressed their joy by scampering on the beach, and one of our party visited the swimming-baths in the vicinity. The air was delightful, and blossoming roses and flowers could be seen in the beautiful garden in front of the hotel.

Santa Monica, though a small town, is beautifully located, and has been called the Long Branch of the Pacific coast. Its population is very largely increased during the summer months. The hotel, a magnificent building, standing against a mountain side, is owned by the railroad company. The upper stories open upon the bluff, and the lower floors upon the beach. During our stop here our train stood on a platform overhanging the Pacific Ocean at the edge of the bluff. We remained here until after dark. The night was clear and the moon shone brightly over the waves as they chased each other toward the beach.

The landscape was beautiful, and recalled those lines of "The Culprit Fay":

'T is the middle watch of a summer night,
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright,
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood that rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.

What might have been a serious accident aroused our party quite early the following morning; a servant notified us that the dining-car was on fire, and the crew could not put it out. The fire extinguishers had been used, but not with entire success. It was not until a portion of the roof, which was discovered to be very hot had been cut through that the flames burst through the aperture. The fire raged with considerable violence, but was quickly extinguished when once the source of the trouble had been found. The accident was caused by the use of soft coal in the kitchen range.

We left Santa Monica at eight o'clock in the morning and arrived at Los Angeles after about an hour's ride.

CHAPTER VII.

LOS ANGELES.

On reaching Los Angeles, a number of mechanics, who were in waiting, promptly repaired the damage to our car, and the party went to a hotel for lunch.

Los Angeles is the oldest and largest city in Southern California. It is situated in a narrow valley, on a river named after the town, and is about twenty-two miles from the sea. Along the banks of this river, for miles, are vineyards and orange groves, which are the pride of the place. The town has grown wonderfully during the past few years, on account of its reputation as a health resort. Here and there may be seen one-story houses, built in the Spanish style, their flat roofs covered with asphaltum, which abounds in the neighborhood. There is a rich tin mine at Temescal, about sixty miles distant, and the

San Gabriel placer gold mines lie about twenty miles to the northeast.

The business portion of Los Angeles is quite handsome, and it is only in the American portion of the town that the streets are laid out with that painful regularity common to most American cities. The original Spanish quarter, not now, however, occupied by

many members of that nationality, is separated from the American-built part of the town by what is called the "plaza" adjoining a good-sized hotel. There are large mercantile houses, bank buildings, and pretentious-looking hotels that line the broad main street, the regularity of which is occasionally broken by the appearance of a small adobe house.

The orange-trees at Los Angeles bear at

from seven to ten years of age; from the age of twelve until they cease bearing they are said to average twenty dollars per tree per annum. At this rate, sixty trees to the acre, allowing one thousand oranges as the average yield per tree, would give a gross result of twelve hundred dollars. Trees, in well-kept orchards, occasionally average fifteen hundred oranges each. It is said that an American settler has a grove in this place containing two thousand trees, which, when sixteen years old, averaged fifteen hundred oranges per tree, and has continued to yield about the same each year since. Another man had a grove of sixteen hundred and fifty trees, some of which bore as many as four thousand oranges, the average being fifteen hundred to the tree.

Among other fruits that are raised in this section are apples, walnuts, pears, peaches, pomegranates, figs, nectarines, and olives. The income from English walnuts is estimated at from six hundred to one thousand dollars per acre; from olives, at from two hundred to five hundred dollars; the vineyards will produce from ten to fifteen thousand pounds per acre. The olive is propagated by cuttings from ten to fifteen inches long, the slips being

put into the ground perpendicularly about six or eight inches apart. The trees bear in four or five years, but they do not produce a full crop until they are ten or twelve years old; they continue to yield, however, until they are very old. Trees that are threescore and ten years old will bear one hundred gallons of olives; the average yield is about twenty-five gallons per tree. If the olive is to be pickled, it is gathered before it is ripe; we get the phrase "olive-green" from the looks of the fruit at this time, for when ripe it has a maroon color, and looks very much like a damson plum. When the unripe fruit is gathered it is placed in tight barrels or casks, through which water is allowed to percolate; then it is put in strong brine, and is ready for use in a few days. The methods for manufacturing the oil are being improved upon every few years, and, even in their crude state, were an advance on the old Jewish plan, which seems to have been to tread out the oil with the feet. Seventy trees to the acre should yield about one thousand four hundred gallons of berries, and twenty gallons of berries yield about three gallons of oil, which is worth from four to five dollars per gallon, wholesale.

California olives are said to be better than the foreign fruit, because they have more sunshine and a richer soil. An olive orchard will yield about nine hundred dollars gross per acre. There is one old olive-tree near Santa Barbara that is thirty years old, and that has yielded forty-eight dollars' worth of oil for several years in succession. A grove of old olive-trees, which was planted by Spanish missionaries, seventy years ago, is still a source of income to its owner.

It is said that the largest grape-vine in the world grows about three miles from Santa Barbara, and a pleasant story is told about how it came to be planted. At the end of the last century a young Spanish lady started from Sonora on horseback to visit the country in question. Just before leaving, her lover broke from a neighboring grape-vine a branch, telling her to use it for a riding-whip. When the young woman arrived at the end of her journey, being of a more sensible turn of mind than most young people passing through the sentimental stage of life, and wishing to preserve the gift of her lover, she planted the slip in the ground. The vine, according to the story, appears to have been quite as thrifty as

the far-famed been-stalk we heard about in our childhood, for it attained immense proportions, and astonished the natives. The trunk is four feet four inches in circumference. After reaching the height of eight feet from the ground it sends out its branches, which are trained on horizontal trellises supported by posts; so that the vine which started from a riding-whip is made to cover an area of five thousand square feet. Its annual yield for many years has been from ten to twelve thousand pounds of grapes. By a singular coincidence, a fig-tree grows near by, over which a portion of the vine extends, so that literally the owner of this vineyard could sit down under her own vine and fig-tree. The lady died when she was one hundred and thirteen years old. Much of the past beauty of this vine was destroyed when a portion of it was sent to the Centennial Exhibition a few years ago.

It would have been pleasant, if we could have spared the time, to have remained longer in this section, one of the most interesting parts of the State. Southern California includes seven counties: San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, and Kern. These

counties contain about fifty thousand square miles, or more than thirty million acres of land, and represent nearly one third of the territory of the whole State. San Diego, the farthest county to the south, is large enough to be a principality. Gold was found in the Isabella Mountains, forty-two miles northeast of the town of San Diego, in 1870, but the ore did not turn out to be very rich. Twelve miles from the town, which is five hundred miles from San Francisco, and twenty-five from Los Angeles, a stone monument, erected by the government, indicates where the territory of the United States ends and that of Mexico begins.

San Bernardino County, the largest in the State, consists in a great measure of dry and desert-like valleys, and inaccessible mountains. As already stated, there was a Mormon settlement here in 1847, but it was abandoned by those people in 1856, when they went to Salt Lake City.

What Southern California can do for the industrious immigrant is illustrated in the settlement called Anaheim, located twenty miles south of Los Angeles. This place was founded by an association of Germans in

1857; the land, consisting of eleven hundred acres, being divided into fifty lots of twenty acres each, having a space in the centre for local improvements. The party, at the outset, consisted of fifty members, all Germans, of different occupations and persuasions. The land was a barren plain, and cost two dollars per acre. The lots were fenced in by planting willows, sycamores, and poplars, and one half of each lot was set out in grape-vines. For three years Indians and Mexicans were hired to do the work, the stockholders pursuing their regular vocations at home. An irrigating canal seven miles long was excavated, together with subsidiary ditches, thus securing the thorough irrigation of the whole tract. In 1860 the assessments were all paid in, the lots were assigned in a drawing, and the owners took possession and went to work. Ten years later a million grape-vines were growing, most of them bearing fruit, and there were ten thousand fruit-trees on the place. The population numbered four hundred, and the village contained a public school, a post-office, and a church.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONTEREY.

We left Los Angeles at three o'clock on the afternoon of April 16th, making a pleasant run to Mojave, where we passed the regular passenger train on its way to San Francisco. It was a beautiful, clear moonlight night, and the scenery, coming down the mountain, was so magnificent, that we regretted we had not started three hours earlier. The weather was so warm that we could keep the car doors open, and sit in the observation-room in the rear of the train, all lights having been put out. The odor and freshness of the vegetation, as we passed through the valleys, was something exquisite, and long to be remembered. With the beauty of the night, the magnificent scenery, and the fragrant exhalations from the surrounding country, the hour was very late before we retired.

When we awoke in the morning, about half-past six o'clock, it was in the middle of one of the most beautiful and luxuriant valleys we had ever seen. We had read much about the beauties of California, but the richness, the luxuriance, the boundless wealth of the vegetation which we saw in this section was something far beyond even our greatest expectations. To be sure, we saw the country at its best, for we arrived there in the height of the spring season; it would scarcely be possible, however, to imagine any natural scene of this kind which could be more beautiful.

Leaving the main line at Lathrop we went to Niles, from there to San José. The famous Almaden Mines are located about fourteen miles from San José. The view from the mountain at this place is full of wildness and beauty. There are elevated peaks to be seen in every direction, and the green hillsides are marked by the tracks made by sheep and goats, which love to feed upon the sweet grass and wild oats. The mountain road is bordered by flowers of a crimson and glowing hue, the Mexican sage, the wild gooseberry and currant, the scrub-oak, and poison-oak—a little shrub dangerous to touch,—and a profusion of un-

known foliage, rich in coloring and luxuriant of growth. The miners and their families live in cabins and huts, of various sizes and degrees of comfort, built upon the broken surface of the mountain in a very irregular and picturesque manner.

The ore from which quicksilver is procured is called cinnabar, and was worked by the Indians for the vermilion powder it contained, with which they used to paint their persons. A Mexican officer, in 1846, bribed the Indians to show him the location of the mines. A Mexican company was formed, named after the most valuable mines of mercury in the world—the Almaden Mines, in the province of La Mancha, Spain. The shaft of the mine runs hundreds of feet straight down into the earth, and the ore is brought up in iron-bound buckets. The men descend to their work, and come back again to the tunnel leading to the mouth of the engine-room, by means of the bucket. The tunnel is very dark, and its walls drip with damp. Among the miners are many Mexicans, who have considerable skill and experience in this kind of work; and there are also English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish among the workers.

After a delay of half an hour at San José, we started for Monterey, at which point we arrived about ten o'clock. The place charmed us at once, being one of the finest we had ever seen. We had all been talking of the beauties of Southern California, of the fruits of Los Angeles, of the beach at Santa Monica, of the richness of the country around San Bernardino and Pasadena, but the charms of Monterey exceeded anything we had thus far seen. The walks and drives through the Park were delightful, and the place, as a health resort, undoubtedly has no equal in the country. We were very pleasantly located on the second story of the Hotel Del Monte, facing the south, our rooms all being sunny, and our comfort provided for in the most thoughtful manner by the hotel proprietor. We met here several invalids, who spoke most enthusiastically of the health-restoring properties of the place. They told us how they had stopped at Thomasville, the Hot Springs, at Las Vegas, Pasadena, and other places, of how they had suffered there in one way or the other, and added that after they arrived in Monterey, and had been there a few days, they felt as if they were on the sure road to health. Every-

thing at this place tends to make one feel cheerful and hopeful. We noticed that the number of healthy people far exceeded the contingent of invalids, which is a very important factor in the cure of disease, and there were none of those depressing surroundings which are so often met with at the regular health resorts.

The bathing pavilion connected with the hotel is certainly a wonder in its way. It is

quite large, being about four hundred feet square, has a glass roof, and is filled with palms. In the centre are four large tanks. In the first one, used for women and children, the water is from three to four feet deep, and its temperature about eighty-five degrees. The next tank is about five feet deep, with a temperature of seventy-five degrees; the third about seven feet deep, with a temperature of seventy. The fourth tank is about eight feet

deep, and contains the natural sea-water, which is pumped into it without being heated. The accommodations in the way of dressing-rooms, in both the male and female departments, are perfect in their way. It is certainly one of the most complete bathing establishments in the country.

Those who have read Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" will remember that he speaks of visiting Monterey, at a time when its life must have been very picturesque. He speaks of the pride people took in tracing back their ancestry to the Spaniards, saying that the least drop of Spanish blood was held to be sufficient to raise them from the rank of slaves and entitle them to a suit of clothes, boots, hat, cloak, spurs, long knife, and all complete, however coarse and dirty they might be. The native women were excessively fond of dress, and nothing was more common than to see a woman living in a house of only two rooms, and the ground for a floor, dressed in spangled satin shoes, silk gown, high comb, and gilt, if not gold, earrings and necklace. He was struck with the fineness of the voices and beauty of the intonations of both sexes. Common-looking ruffians, with slouched hat, blanket cloak,

THE PALMS OF GLENANNIE.

dirty under-dress, and soiled leather leggings, appeared to speak pure and elegant Spanish. A common bullock driver, on horseback delivering a message, seemed to speak like an ambassador at an audience; in fact they seemed to be a people on whom a curse had fallen, which had stripped them of every thing but their pride, their manners, and their voices.

The town was under Mexican rule at this time, its chief officer being a governor-general, appointed by the central government at Mexico; then there was a commandant, and two or three alcaldes and corregidores, who were civil officers, elected by the inhabitants. Dana tells us that the houses at that time were of one story, built of clay made into large bricks, about a foot and a half square, three or four inches thick, and hardened in the sun. These were cemented together by mortar of the same material, the whole being of a common dirt color. The floors were generally of earth, the windows grated and without glass, and the doors opened directly into the common room. The men in Monterey always appeared to be on horse-back, and, there being no stables, the animals were allowed to run wild wherever

they pleased, being branded, and having long lariats attached to their necks, dragging along behind them, and by which they could be easily taken. The men used to catch one in the morning, throw a saddle and bridle upon him, and use him for the day and let him go at night, catching another the next day.

We remained nearly two weeks at Monterey, thoroughly enjoying our visit. While we were here, a number of mechanics came from San Francisco, by order of Mr. Towne, and overhauled our train, changing some springs in the "Ellsmere," "Mariquita," and buffet-car, and putting on a new coupler in place of the one between the "Mariquita" and dining-car, which we were obliged to repair at Detroit. The train was also thoroughly cleaned, both inside and out, and carefully aired.

Every day we all went in swimming, while the afternoons were occupied with drives along the picturesque beach, or up the valley. On Easter Sunday we attended church at a little town called New Monterey, about six miles distant. As the children all showed a marked improvement in health, particularly the little girl for whom our trip was delayed, our stay at Monterey was principally on their account.

Our evenings (which were generally spent sitting around a large open fire in the office of the hotel, which resembles very much the Profile House in the White Mountains, though of course the building at Monterey was a great deal larger and the ceilings very much

higher) were varied by exhibitions on the graphophone, which we brought from New York, many of the people at the hotel never having seen one. It was the opinion of our party that this hotel was, without exception, one of the cleanest and most neatly kept

hotels to be found in the United States. On one afternoon we all went down to our train, after lunch, and gave a little reception to the friends we had made in the hotel, closing with an informal afternoon tea. Our cook had prepared a very palatable cold collation, and our crew took as much pride and pleasure in this social occurrence as we did ourselves.

On Saturday, April 20th, one of those exquisite days that can only be found in this climate, we enjoyed a picnic given by two gentlemen of our party, in the pine grove on the ocean drive. Early on that morning, with the two stewards of our train, and servants from the hotel, they drove out to the grove and prepared the lunch. About twelve o'clock we took two large four-in-hands and drove out to meet them. We arrived about one o'clock and enjoyed a most delightful repast, after which one of the party took three or four photographic views of the scene.

The neat appearance of the Hotel Del Monte, of which we have spoken, was largely due, according to the statement of its manager, to the use of Chinese servants, about sixteen of whom, divided into gangs of four, were constantly engaged in the work of cleaning. The

head-gardener of the hotel grounds gave some very interesting information in regard to the manner in which they were laid out, Chinese laborers being employed to do the work.

The Chinese, as laborers, are very important factors in the industrial civilization of the far West. Nearly every town west of the

Rocky Mountains and Utah has its Chinese quarter. They swarm along the line of the Pacific Railroad, and are found in the old mining gulches of the mountains. In every village of California, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, and up in British Columbia they are met with,

engaged in some kind of service, as cooks, table-waiters, nurses, gardeners, laundrymen, railroad builders, miners, agriculturists, servants, and as assistants in manufacturing establishments. They began to come to the Pacific States in 1852, and though their capacity is very limited, being confined principally to the power of imitation, they learn quickly, and they are quiet, clean, and faithful, and do not go on "sprees," as some of their white neighbors do. On account of their genius for imitation they make good cooks, and they are very successful in cultivating a small vegetable garden. The Pacific Railroad would have been delayed some years, and cost much more money, if it had not been for the material advantage gained by Chinese labor.

One of our most enjoyable afternoon drives was with a four-in-hand, and covered a distance of seventeen miles, part of the trip being through a delicious pine woods. This drive is one of the most celebrated around Monterey. While near the shore we passed rocks whose tops just appeared above the water, and were covered with seals. These seals, or Californian sea-lions as they are sometimes called, have always been objects of interest to the

traveller in these parts. They crawl up from the water awkwardly and blunderingly, like babies just beginning to creep, and spread themselves out over the rocks, lying there as if in a comatose state. Now and then they raise their heads and utter a loud piercing bark, apparently without any purpose whatever. When a party of two or three are on a rock, and they are disturbed by a new-comer, there is a languid sort of combat, and a great deal of barking and grumbling, when all of a sudden, seeming to tire of these useless proceedings, they suddenly plunge into the sea. When from the water you approach a point occupied by a numerous herd, you hear their long plaintive howlings, as if in distress; but when near them the sounds become more varied and deafening. The old males roar so loudly as to drown the noise of the heaviest surf among the rocks and caverns, and the younger of both sexes croak hoarsely, or send forth sounds like the bleating of sheep or the barking of dogs. What is called a "rookery" of matured animals presents a ferocious and defiant appearance; but usually at the approach of man they become alarmed, and if not opposed in their escape roll, tumble, and sometimes

make fearful leaps from high precipitous rocks to hasten their flight. It is a singular fact that young seals, from their birth until they are six weeks old, are utterly unable to swim. They learn this, to them, very necessary accomplishment, by going to the margin of the surf and floundering around in the pools, after which they make slow and clumsy progress in learning the knack of swimming. By repeated and persistent efforts the young seal gradually becomes familiar with the water, and acquainted with his own power over that element, which is to be his real home and his whole support. Once having learned the art, the young one fairly revels in his new happiness.

Naturalists affirm that, notwithstanding the fact that the seal is a very clumsy animal, and with a very small head, compared to the size of his body, his intelligence is greater than that of many land animals. Those who saw the seals in Barnum's exhibition two years ago will certainly be prepared to confirm this statement. The seals on the rocks near the Cliff House, San Francisco, become almost friendly with some of the residents of the hotel, certainly as tame as ordinary domestic animals.

But long before Barnum's seals were exhibited, there was a trained seal shown in London, who could bow to his visitors, and showed considerable intelligence in performing tricks.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MISSIONS.

No record of a journey in the far western section of the United States would be complete without some account of the famous Spanish missions. In the State of California alone there are about fifty towns whose names bear the prefix of the Spanish word *San*, equivalent to saint. That there is a religious or, at all events, an ecclesiastical significance attached to these settlements, will be apparent at once. The story of these missions is exceedingly interesting, and yet remains to be written with the fulness and accuracy the subject deserves. A few years before his death, our poet Longfellow, in acknowledging the receipt of a monograph on this subject of the missions, wrote to the giver, a resident of California: "A strange feeling of romance hovers about those old Spanish missions of California,

difficult to define, and difficult to escape. They add much to the poetic atmosphere of the Pacific coast."

The first permanent mission in California was founded at Loretto, in 1697. From that point, Christianity gradually extended to the north, stations were established at different

points, and efforts made to christianize the Indians. The missionaries were frequently attacked by the red men, and the progress that was made was accompanied by considerable loss of life. Later on, the Jesuits came to this section, but met with a very poor reception, until, at last, every Jesuit in the State was carried off a prisoner. These Jesuits were

replaced by Franciscan monks, who always travelled in parties of twelve. A party of them reached Loretto, which was then the centre of the mission work, in 1768. By order of the Mexican Government, three missions were founded in Upper California—one at San Carlos de Monterey in the north, another at San Diego in the south, and a third at San Bonaventura in the middle district. The expedition started out in three divisions, one by land, and two by sea. The mission of San Diego was founded on the 16th of July, 1769, on the banks of the stream of that name. The native Indians were apparently friendly, and everything seemed to promise success. No sooner, however, had the missionaries erected two houses and a chapel, and were congratulating themselves on the prospective success of their undertaking, than the Indians commenced depredations. The door of the priest's dwelling was only a mat, and before they could resist their assailants four or five of the inmates were wounded. Not long after this, however, amicable relations were established with the natives. This was the first of the series of missions which were established along the coast. The new settlement was placed under

the tutelary guardianship of the patron saint of the Franciscans, San Diego, the Spanish for St. James, and his name was given to the mission and the bay near which it was situated. In the year 1810 San Diego was the largest mission in the State, though this was not by any means a gauge of worldly prosperity.

The mission San Luis Rey was one of the largest establishments of this kind. It was founded in the wilderness on the banks of the San Luis, right in the heart of the Indian country. It was started in a thatched cottage, and became one of the greatest of the Californian missions. Its church of stone is ninety feet deep, and rises at one end in a beautiful tower and dome; and from its façade there extends a colonnade, not without architectural beauty, and nearly five hundred feet long, while in depth it is almost of equal dimensions. Father Peyri, its founder, was not only an architect but an able mission-director. It was not long before he had thirty-five hundred Indian converts, scattered in twenty ranches, and the whole place bore marks of industry, peace, and plenty.

In the early days of these missions, some singular customs came into the Church. There

were certain practices of ceremonial used by the Indians that were gradually introduced into the Church service, not with the approval of the priests, but tolerated by them. Indian Catholics, for instance, were in the habit of dancing before the shrine of a saint; or rather, it should be said, the custom was pursued by the very young female converts. The practice had prevailed in Mexico, probably as a relic of paganism, where it was also tolerated, but not approved. There is an anecdote told by a Spanish writer about the attempt of an archbishop to prohibit this dancing as sacrilegious. This raised such a tumult among the people that the archbishop appealed to the Pope. The Pope ordered that the boys and girls should be brought to Rome in order that he might see them dance. After he had witnessed the performance, he laughingly ordered that they should be allowed to dance until the clothes they had on were worn out. The young people took the hint, and shrewdly saw to it that their clothes were always renewed piecemeal, so as never to be really new, and thus, according to the Pope's decision, the dancing was allowed to go on without direct slight to the archbishop's scruples.

Generally speaking, what may be called the mission era in California began in 1769 and lasted until 1823. Between those years twenty-one missions were established, extending from San Diego in the south to San Rafael and Sonoma north of San Francisco. The mission of San Francisco was started in a rustic chapel in 1776, and the country around the bay was explored by the missionaries.

Most of the missions were laid out in the form of a hollow square; the enclosing wall of adobe bricks was twelve feet high and three hundred feet in length, on each side. A rectangular building, eighty or ninety yards in front, and about as deep, composed the mission. In one end was the church and parsonage. The interior was a large and beautiful court, adorned with trees and fountains, surrounded by galleries, on which opened the rooms of the missionaries, stewards, and travellers, the shops, schools, store-rooms, and granary. In fact, the mission was at once a religious station, a fortress, and a town. A population was gathered around this centre, sometimes by persuasion, and sometimes by a show of force, and the people were taught to construct habitations outside the walls, and in-

structed in the various arts of peace and civilization. These small communities prospered for fifty years; they were havens of rest during the peaceful and pastoral days of California.

Connected with the mission was a building called the monastery, where Indian girls were taught by native women spinning and weaving, and other duties peculiar to their sex. The boys were taught trades, and those who showed excellence were promoted to the rank of chiefs, thus giving a dignity to labor and an impulse to exertion.

Each mission was directed by two friars, one of whom took charge of the religious instruction, while the other was the superintendent of the outside labors. It is surprising, considering the small facilities at hand, how much these missionaries accomplished in agriculture, architecture, and mechanics. They built mills, machines, bridges, roads, canals for irrigation, and succeeded, even in that early day, in transforming hostile and indolent savages into industrious carpenters, masons, coopers, saddlers, shoemakers, weavers, stonecutters, brick-makers, and lime-burners. A United States commissioner (Bartlett) has

borne testimony to the good work done at that time. "Five thousand Indians," he says, "were, at one time, collected at the mission of San Gabriel. They are represented to have been sober and industrious, well clothed and fed; and seem to have experienced as high a state of happiness as they are adapted by nature to receive. They began to learn some of the fundamental principles of civilized life. The institution of marriage began to be respected, and, blessed by the rites of religion, grew to be so much considered that deviations from its duties were somewhat infrequent occurrences."

In 1834 the property of the missions was secularized, and they rapidly decayed. In 1846 they were taken by the United States, and in 1847 they had a population of 450. At the mission of San Gabriel, at this time, excellent wine was being produced, and ships loaded with the products of the mission sailed regularly for Lima and San Blas. The missions collectively contained 30,650 Indians, 424,000 head of cattle, 62,500 horses, 322,000 sheep, and raised annually 123,000 bushels of wheat and maize. This property, under the direction of the government, was handed over to

the authorities, who allotted some to each family. The missionaries were allowed rations for their support. The civil war, the discovery of gold, which drew a new population to the country, and the disappearance of the Indians to the mountains and forests, led to the dissolution of the missions, as they were originally established.

We resume the story of our journey. On the evening of April 22d, an agent of the Yosemite stage line came from San Francisco to Monterey, for the purpose of making final arrangements for our trip to the far-famed valley. It was planned that we should have special stages all the way in and out, with the probability of making the return journey from the Yosemite in one day. This trip has never before been made in a shorter time. The following morning, the 23d, we took our bath a little earlier than usual, and gathered our things together preparatory to leaving on the two-o'clock train.

We came as far as San José on the regular train. A special engine met us at this place and took the car "Ellsmere" through to Oakland. The rest of our train had been left at Monterey, with all the crew, except George de

Barr, our chief steward, Armstrong, and our cook, Scotty.

We arrived at Oakland about six o'clock. This is the principal town on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, almost directly opposite the "Golden City" itself. The city owes its name to its magnificent groves of live oaks in which it was originally built, but it has now grown far beyond their limits. These trees are not merely ornamental, but subserve a useful purpose for parts of the town, in screening them from the fierce winds which come through the gap of the Golden Gate in the summer months, and to the force of which Oakland is especially exposed. The University of California is located here, and consists of various colleges devoted to arts, letters, and professional life. The drives around the city are very beautiful, quite equal to those of San Francisco, and good roads penetrate the surrounding country in every direction. At Oakland Point, two miles from the city, there is an immense iron pier over the bay to the ferry-boat, which conveys passengers and freight to the city of San Francisco. This wonderful pier, or rather wharf, is on the east side of San Francisco, and is eleven thousand feet

long, running out to a depth of twenty-four feet at low tide, and of thirty-one feet at high tide. Upon its last thousand feet it has twelve railroad tracks, a wide carriage-way, a passenger depot and railroad offices, warehouses, and outside storage for forty thousand tons of grain or other merchandise, and three large docks, one of which affords ample space for five of the largest steamers or clippers afloat. The piles used, where the water deepens, are sixty-five feet long, and are forty-two to fifty-four inches in circumference. The main wharf is eight hundred feet wide at the extreme or western end, and on it are pens for five hundred cattle, two immense warehouses, and a large passenger depot.

At Oakland we were met by Mr. Curtis, Mr. Towne's assistant general manager, who took us over to San Francisco, where we all had dinner at the Café Riche. After dinner we walked back to the boat, and took the 9.15 train for the south. As our train was leaving the depot, an officer on the staff of General Miles, commanding the Department of the Pacific, presented us with the General's card, saying that he hoped we would notify him of our return to the city, in order that he might

render some service to make our stay in San Francisco agreeable.

We reached Berenda about four o'clock on the morning of April 24th, then took a branch line to Raymond, arriving there about three hours afterwards. After breakfast we took a four-horse stage and started for Wawona, which is sometimes called Clark's. We had dinner at a half-way station called Grant's. The drive was exceedingly interesting from the manner in which the driver managed his horses, and also on account of the kind of horses used for this work. We changed horses seven times between Raymond and Wawona, each change consisting of four horses. It was surprising to see what wiry beasts they were, and what an immense amount of work they could accomplish. Our shortest drive between the changes was six miles. On this we had four half-wild, wiry, Nevada ponies, roans, and they literally ran all the distance. Their speed was so great that we were very much concerned lest they should run away entirely; but we were fortunate in having an expert driver to go over the route with us. The manner in which the stage would whirl around corners and dash down hills was quite appalling, and made the

remembrance of past experiences in the Catskills and the White Mountains seem tame, almost uninteresting. But all this rapid driving was done with good judgment. The brakes were tightly applied to the wheels when occasion required, the effect being to bind the running-gear and the body of the vehicle together, thus preventing any swaying motion and any possibility of upsetting. When night came we all felt fatigued, and, after a short walk, retired early, in order to be prepared for a timely start on the following morning.

CHAPTER X.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

On the morning of the 25th of April we rose at five o'clock, and, after a hurried breakfast, started, with a light wagon and four horses, to see the Big Trees. Two members of our party, Mr. and Mrs. Purdy, did not accompany us on this trip, as they had visited the scene about three years ago.

The Big Trees are certainly one of the most remarkable features of California scenery. No other one of the natural curiosities of the Pacific States has become so widely known as these trees. They were discovered in 1852, and at once became famous over the world, more particularly on account of the exaggerated statements in regard to their size and age. There are several groves of them, such as the Calaveras, the Mariposa, the South Grove, the Frezno Grove, and probably many others not

yet discovered. Although the name of "I. M. Wooster, 1850," is carved on one of these trees, it was not till 1852 that a hunter, by the name of Dowd, having wounded a bear, while pursuing his calling in these parts, really discovered them. He was following up the wounded animal, when he came to a group of these monsters of the forest. In his wonder at the sight he forgot all about pursuing the bear, and quickly returned to his camp, where he told his companions what he had seen. His story was received with shouts of laughter and derision. Wishing to prove the truthfulness of his tale, a few days afterwards he told his companions that he had shot a big grizzly bear up in the mountains, and requested their help to get the beast. The party started off, Dowd leading the way over the path he had followed a few days before, until, finally, he brought them face to face with the Big Trees; they saw at once that, though he had deceived them about the bear, he had not been guilty of exaggeration in regard to the trees. So it appears that, though Wooster, whose identity never seems to have been established, may have first discovered them, Dowd, the hunter, was the first to make them known to the world.

These trees have been seen by visitors from all parts of the world, and have been viewed with feelings of awe and wonder. The Calaveras Grove is five miles long, and, by some travellers, is considered the most desirable to visit; but we think the majority of sight-seers would prefer the Mariposa Grove, as the Calaveras has lost much of its primitive condition, —as one man says, "has been converted into

something like a tea-garden,"—while the former remains in its original state. The Mariposa Grove is also regarded as being the most

attractive, because here the trees are greater in diameter, and much more numerous. There are four hundred and twenty-seven of them in the grove, varying in size from twenty to thirty-four feet in diameter, and from two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred and twenty-five feet in height. Botanically speaking, they are of the *Sequoia gigantea* species. There seems to be a belt of them running along the slopes of the Sierras, about four or five thousand feet above the sea level, and as far south as Visalia. They are so plentiful near that place that they are sawed up and used for lumber. In the same neighborhood, the Indians report a tree, far in the forest, which is said to surpass in grandeur any tree of the kind that has ever been seen. So far, no white man has ever beheld it. The leaf of the *Sequoia gigantea* is very much like that of the *Arbor vitæ;* the bark is soft and very spongy, and of a light-brown color. On all the largest trees it measures from twenty to thirty-two inches in thickness. This species grows on mountain slopes, and is watered by the springs that come down the hill-sides, and which are filled with particles of fertilizing rocks and the decayed vegetation of centuries.

MARIPOSA GROVE—BIG TREES.

For six months in the year it is warmed by a tropical sun and refreshed by the balmy air of the Pacific. In winter, its roots have a warm covering of snow; and it is said, of some of these trees at least, that the ground never freezes beneath them. In fact, they have got

nothing to do but to grow; and it is interesting to note that this species is not wearing out, for young trees can be seen growing vigorously. We say young trees, meaning about four hundred years old, because the monsters themselves are over two thousand

years old. One of the largest of these is the Grizzly Giant. It is one hundred and seven feet in circumference, and in the thickest place thirty-four feet in diameter. The first branch is nearly two hundred feet from the ground, and is eight feet in diameter. The writer took a number of photographs of these trees, and several views in the immediate neighborhood. From these the illustrations which appear in this book were made. Most of the large trees have special names attached to them. Many are named after the States; others are named after celebrated men, such as Longfellow, Lincoln, Grant, Ferdinand de Lesseps, George Washington, Daniel Webster, W. H. Seward, and Andrew Johnson. It seems a little incongruous that the names of these modern celebrities should be attached to trees whose chief claim to recognition, aside from their size, is their great age,—trees that existed before Titus besieged Jerusalem, which were the contemporaries of an Attila, or a Constantine, and which bid fair to live when the names they bear shall have faded into oblivion. Incongruous though it may be, however, it is gratifying that the names they bear are those of Americans. The pertinence of this remark

will appear, when I mention that the first British botanist who saw the trees, had the monumental assurance to christen them *Wellingtonia*, although years before they had received the name of *Washingtonia*. British botanists still call the trees *Wellingtonia*, and will probably continue to do so for their own satisfaction.

Probably a quarter of the trees in all the groves are over twenty-five feet in diameter; the stump of one of them, thirty-two feet in diameter, has a house built over it. Five men

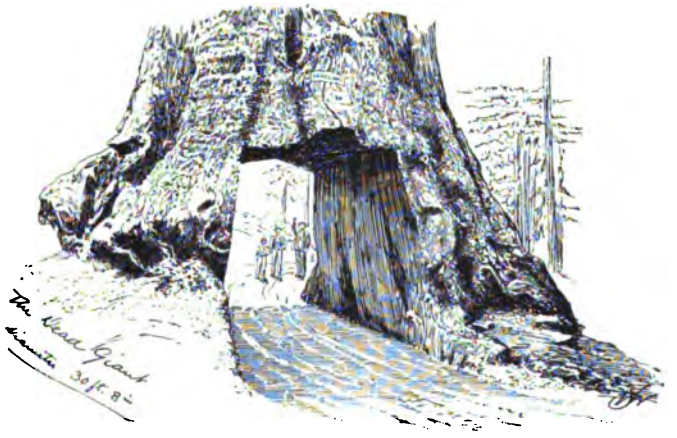
worked twenty-five days with pump-augers before they could cut it down. The stump is cut five feet from the ground, and a party of

thirty-two have danced on it at once, not counting the musicians and spectators, who filled up part of the space. Twenty feet in length of this log would make forty-nine thousand feet of boards, which would be worth several thousand dollars.

One of these trees has been tunnelled, and a road built through it, so that coaches can drive inside. When standing underneath it the leaders' heads are just outside the arch of the tree at one end, while the end of the coach is just outside the arch at the other. This, perhaps, will give a better idea of the enormous diameter of these trees than any arithmetical statements. The width of the opening through this tree is sufficient to allow two stages to pass each other inside the tree. The Faithful Couple is about twenty-eight feet in diameter, reaches seventy feet out of the ground, and forms into two trees on one stem; the faithful couple of trees having, in reality, but one life, a kind of Siamese-twins existence, and being but one. The only tree which approaches the *Sequoia* in size and grandeur is the *Eucalyptus* of Australia, which is from eighty to ninety feet in circumference.

After we had gratified our curiosity with

regard to the Big Trees, we returned to Wawona, where we took another stage and a fresh set of horses and started at once for the valley. On this drive we had three changes of horses, and the scenery was simply grand. The ride was rather a rough one, but the views to be obtained were well worth the cost



of the journey. We alighted from our coach at the world-renowned Inspiration Point, which is a little green plateau, about twenty feet square, on the very verge of the southwest wall of the valley. The view from this situation, once seen, can never be forgotten. It embraces what might be called the whole

gamut of the natural and magnificent; you see mountains, rock, perpendicular ledge, towering spires thousands of feet high, snow-clad mountains, bald peaks peering into the blue vault of heaven, barren domes of gray granite, water-falls, cascades, and brooks, green fields, and winding streams,—the whole Yosemite is here seen at one glance. There was a shelving rock, upon which we were instructed to creep cautiously to the edge. It is no wonder that the first glance makes some weak persons giddy, especially when they are exhausted by the long ride. The beauty of the scene is indescribable in words; the experience might be compared to a person looking over the edge of a grand cyclorama, executed on a magnificent scale, containing all manner of natural effects, and absolutely perfect in artistic execution.

The party were particularly impressed with El Capitan, which is, indeed, the most prominent attraction to the eye when coming down the mountain-side into the valley. This mountain, called, in English, the Great Chief of the Valley, although not so high, by several thousand feet, as some of its giant neighbors, is remarkable on account of its isolation, its

breadth, its perpendicular sides, its bold, defiant shape, and its prominence as it stands out like a great rock promontory. It is three thousand three hundred feet in height, and the beholder stands in mute astonishment as he views its massive proportions.

The Yosemite Valley was discovered in the spring of 1851, by a party under the command of Major James Savage, who, at the time, was pursuing a number of predatory Indians, who made it their stronghold, considering it inaccessible to the whites. The name Yosemite was given to it in the belief that it was the Indian term for grizzly bear. The valley proper can hardly be called a valley; it is in reality a rift in the earth's surface. It may be described as a chasm, varying in width from one mile to ninety feet, with granite walls from one thousand to four thousand feet high. Masses of detached rock stand, in their solitude, like giant obelisks; others have been split from top to bottom as though by a thunder-bolt. Through the windings of the valley flows a river, cold as ice and clear as crystal, its source apparently being from the clouds above. There is luxuriant vegetation, and the extreme of barrenness, the softest

carpet-moss and grassy lawns, the great ferns and wild roses, alternating with huge scattered rocks, where not even the lichen will cling. The traveller will note how the sunbeams brighten the summits of the giant mountains; how the sunshine creeps down the sides of the cold walls, filling the valley with floods of golden glory, made brighter by the contrast of patches of deep shade, for there are some spots here which the sun never reaches—cold, and damp, and always dripping; and there are gorges with arms wide-open, as if forever to court the orb of day.

Briefly stated, the chief features of the valley are its perpendicular walls, their great height as compared with the width of the valley, and the small amount of *débris* formed at the base of these gigantic mountains of rock. The general opinion is that these great mountains of rock have been gradually rent in twain from dome to base by some volcanic action and the chasm thus made widened by further volcanic action to its present width. The valley is one vast flower-garden; plants, shrubs, and flowers of every hue cover the ground like a carpet; the eye is dazzled by the brilliancy of the color, and the air is heavy

with the fragrance of a million blossoms. There are trees of five and six hundred years'

growth, of immense height, and yet in comparison with the vast perpendicular clefts of rock they look like daisies beside a sycamore

of the forest. One interesting writer on the subject of the Yosemite advances the theory that it is possible that the spot may have been the Eden of Scripture.

On the morning of the 26th we all, with the exception of Dr. McLane, left the hotel on horseback for the trail to the top of Glacier Point. This is considered one of the most dangerous trails in the valley. At two or three places half-way up the mountain the wall on one side was actually perpendicular, and the path, not over two feet wide, was held up by a few small stones, any one of which if loosened would roll thousands of feet below. It was a matter of much concern to us that one of the ladies became very much frightened at this stage of the journey. If she could hold on to her horse, and retain her senses, we knew that all would be well, because the intelligent animal would not go over the cliff. It was utterly impossible for her escort to be of any assistance, as, at this point, there was scarcely sufficient space for a rider to stand alongside his horse. Before coming to the dangerous place on the homeward journey, the lady dismounted and walked with her companion nearly to the foot of the mountain. California mustangs are

the horses used in this kind of service. They feed on oat-straw or mountain pasture, and can withstand very hard usage. The Spanish saddle is used, with high peaks before and behind; the stirrups are covered with huge leathers which fall five or six inches below the feet, and the legs are protected by broad leathern shields.

On the afternoon of the day we made our trip to Glacier Point some of the party made a trip to Nevada Falls. Dr. McLane and the writer, procured a wagon and drove to the Yosemite Falls, and other points of interest in the valley. The Yosemite Valley is situated on the Merced River, in the southern portion of the county of Mariposa, one hundred and forty miles a little southeast from San Francisco. At times this river flows along in a grave, respectable sort of fashion, then leaps over a precipice a hundred feet high, or more, then tumbles and foams its way through a devious course around massive rocks as large as a house. Sometimes it hops, skips, and jumps over its rocky bed apparently in playful mood; sometimes its noise is almost deafening, sometimes soft and low and musical to the ear. It flows on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, midway between its eastern and western

base, and in the centre of the State, measuring north and south. It is a narrow stream enclosed in frowning granite walls, rising with almost unbroken and perpendicular faces to the dizzy height of from three to six thousand feet above the green and quiet valley beneath. During the rainy season, and when the snows melt, streams are formed on the precipices, shaping themselves into cataracts of beauty and magnificence surpassing any thing known in mountain scenery. Looking up the valley, from the foot of the Mariposa trail, El Capitan is seen on the left, and on the right, the Cathedral Rocks and a beautiful fall called the Bridal Veil, which jumps, in sportive glee, a distance of nearly one thousand feet into the valley. Long before the water reaches its rocky bed it is transformed into mist, and when the wind blows gently it is wafted hither and thither, sometimes forming itself into a thin veil, sometimes closing as if to hide its purity. The Cathedral Rocks on the east are nearly three thousand feet in height, and look like isolated church spires of solid granite, with rocky sides gently sloping from the base to the pinnacle, with no signs of vegetation on their rugged sides. As yet, no human foot

NEVADA FALLS.

has stood on that barren eminence. The Virgin's Tears Creek, directly opposite the Bridal Veil, is in a deep recess of the rocks near the lower corner of El Capitan. Farther up the valley is the group of rocks known as the Three Brothers, or "Mountains Playing Leapfrog." Looked at from below, the peculiar shape of these three rocks give them the appearance, very much, of three frogs in the act of going through the performance indicated. The Yosemite Falls—three in one—are farther up the valley. The water dashes with great force over the rocks and plunges into a vast basin of rock beneath. Gathering strength, it again leaps forth, and falling between the North Dome and the Three Brothers, takes its final plunge of six hundred feet into the valley. The roar of the falls is heard at all times, but in the quiet and darkness of the night it seems as if the very earth were being rent asunder. There are no falls in the world that equal these in size and magnificence. Niagara is two hundred feet high, but here is a fall more than ten times as high, and the renowned Staubbach of Switzerland is not to be compared with it. At the foot of one of the mountains is Mirror Lake, a pure, clear, cold body of water which

reflects, as in a looking-glass, the towering battlements of rock above.

To reach the Vernal and Nevada Falls the traveller rides through a valley carpeted with bright-colored, fragrant flowers, and is obliged to cross the river Merced. At the base of the Sentinel Dome is the Vernal Fall or Cataract of Diamonds. The falling cloud of white foam leaps over its rocky bed into a fearful declivity, making a tumultuous noise to which the roar of Niagara is as the sigh of the south wind. For half a mile below the falls the stream looks like one mass of foam. The Nevada Fall is twice the height of the Vernal, and is the grandest of all the falls in the valley. There is an obstruction on the north side of the fall, which causes a division of a considerable volume of water, and makes it tumble by itself in mad cascades, that come leaping and dancing down the rocks. Visitors find no difficulty in going up to the very foot of the fall, where they can gaze at its magnificent power, and listen to its stupendous roar, until they are fairly drenched with the spray.

The hotel at which we stopped at this point in our journey, although well-built and comfortable in some respects, is as badly kept as

any place of the kind we had ever seen. This is very unfortunate, because if it were properly managed the natural surroundings are such that visitors would be tempted to remain several days in the locality, instead of getting through their sight-seeing, and leaving the place as quickly as possible. When travellers first began to come to this section, the "hotels," as they were grandiloquently called, were nothing more than inns, where the accommodations were of the rudest possible description.

We left the valley at half-past six on the morning of April 27th. The weather was cold, but bright. As we came past Inspiration Point we gave one last look at the grand scenery which had been to us such a source of pleasure for two days. We drove out the entire distance of sixty-four miles, and arrived at Raymond about five o'clock in the afternoon. Through the courtesy of the stage company at Wawona, the writer of the party secured a buck-board wagon, and, with his wife, drove all the way to Raymond, having one change of horses. We were all glad to get back to our car; by this time it seemed to us, in a certain sense, like a permanent resi-

dence, and so far as the *cuisine* was concerned, in looking back upon our hotel experiences in the valley, there was certainly "no place like home," for the table at the hotels did not begin to compare with our own.

At half-past six o'clock the train left for Berenda. It was composed of a dozen freight cars, two Pullman sleepers, our car, and a coach. Half-way to Berenda, at one of the local stations, through the mistake of one of the switch-tenders, a switch was left open. Fortunately, the engineer was not running over twenty miles an hour at the time, and was able to prevent a serious accident by the immediate use of the air-brakes. We were all at dinner when the accident happened, and when the train brought up with a tremendous jerk, it almost upset everything on the table. On going out it was discovered that the engine had run on a siding directly into a lot of freight cars, sending some of them on to the main track ahead, knocking others off their trucks, and altogether making a pretty bad wreck. It took us over half an hour to clear the main line of *débris*, before our journey could be resumed.

While driving out from the valley, we had

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very cool and comfortable weather. On our arrival at Raymond we were surprised to learn that the people in that vicinity had been suffering from the heat. The evidence of the torrid state of the atmosphere was also to be seen on our car, the paint upon which had peeled off in many places, while the inside sash on the sunny side had been blistered by the heat, taking the varnish completely off.

While going into, and coming out of the valley, we saw large quantities of quail, and our driver informed us that during the season the hunting is very good. We also passed a

flume, of which an illustration is given herewith. This flume is built of plank and carries logs and boards to a distance of seventy miles. It is about two feet high, two feet wide, and eight inches deep, with flaring sides, and the water runs through it at quite a rapid rate. When it crosses ravines or winds around the mountain-side, it is supported on trestle-work The lumber is sawed some distance up in the mountains, bound together in bundles of seven or eight planks, then let into the flume, and floated down stream to the railroad station. The part of the flume shown in the picture carries lumber down to Madera, a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, one hundred and eighty-five miles from San Francisco.

CHAPTER XI.

SAN FRANCISCO.

EARLY on the morning of April 28th we left Berenda on the express, and arrived at Oakland about nine o'clock. We found an engine waiting for us, which immediately took our car and ran us special to Monterey, where we arrived about three in the afternoon. The children were all well, and overjoyed to see us, and listened with unfeigned pleasure to the stories we had to tell them of the wonders we had seen. Our return was made pleasanter from the fact that we found three mail-bags awaiting us, and it took us several hours to reply to the generous batch of correspondence we found on our hands.

On the following morning, Monday, we resumed our old habit and started immediately for the swimming-bath. In the afternoon, the writer engaged a buggy, and drove out to

a ranch twenty-eight miles from Monterey. California ranches often consist of thousands of acres, and are conducted on a very large scale. The word "ranch" has come down from the early Spanish occupancy, and is found, in some form or other, all over the State; farm-hands are called "ranchmen," and a man is "ranching" horses when he takes them to pasture. We will take one ranch of sixteen thousand acres as a specimen. It extends about four miles along a river, and there is not a field through which there does not run a living stream: these streams come down from the mountains. A flouring mill of great capacity is on one part of the ranch, and its wheels are kept running by the water from one of these streams. Between three and four thousand acres are sown with wheat and barley, and, by aid of machinery, twelve hundred bushels of wheat can be made ready for the mill in one day. The whole process of threshing, cleaning, etc., is gone through with in the field, and the grain at once put into sacks. Fifty horses or mules and about twenty men are employed from November until March, in making the ground ready, using the latest and most approved agricultural machinery. The

laborers live on the place in a house at a little distance from that of their employer. Wild oats grow of their own accord, and six hundred head of cattle live on parts of the ranch not under cultivation. Then there are twelve hundred hogs, and fourteen thousand sheep, the latter having a shepherd for each two thousand of their number.

We bade adieu to Monterey on the morning of the 1st of May, taking our special train. At Menlo Park we were met by the boys—Louis, Frank, and George Bird—who had remained at San Francisco in order to see the town, under the guidance of the Pinkerton detective, who, being an old Californian, was specially qualified to act as a guide. Louis brought some beautiful roses that he had procured for us in San Francisco, and a number of flowers of the same species were also handed us by a resident of Menlo Park, after our arrival.

After lunch we took carriages and rode out to Governor Stanford's stock farm. Through some misunderstanding, every one connected with the place, including Mr. Marvin, the manager, was absent. But after a little trouble we succeeded in getting a groom to show

us some of the horses. We saw "Electioneer," and some of the stallions, together with the celebrated yearling, "Electric Bells," owned by Miller and Sibley, and for which they paid in December, 1888, thirteen thousand five hundred dollars. He is a beauty, and very well-developed, and the groom assured us that his racing future was full of promise.

After visiting the stables, we drove over to the University buildings which Governor Stanford is erecting to the memory of his son. The main building is after the Spanish style of architecture, only one story high, and with tiled roof. It is in the form of a square, with a continuous arcade or colonnade running around it inside. The interior square is connected with the outside by four large arches under each side of the building. These structures occupy about four acres of ground, and when we were there a large body of men were at work on the premises, while others were engaged in grading and preparing the surrounding grounds.

Menlo Park is beautifully situated at the foot of a mountain, the last of the sea-coast range. It is thickly wooded, and looked more like a park than any place of the kind we had

ever seen. The roads are kept in superb condition, and the profusion of flowers we beheld was something wonderful. We drove through Governor Stanford's property, and saw his house and grounds; also the large vineyard connected with it. Near his place, on the site where he intended to build a house, Governor Stanford has erected a mausoleum to the memory of his son. After our drive we returned to the car and left at once for San Francisco. Subsequently we had the pleasure of meeting the Governor; also Mr. C. P. Huntington, who was about starting for New York. The Governor talked freely about horse-raising, and one could see that he was thoroughly enthusiastic on the subject.

You cannot walk about the City of the Golden Gate without thinking of its wonderful growth and recalling its early history. Only forty years ago men were living on this very spot, for the most part in tents and shanties. Some adventurers formed part of the population, but they were soon exterminated. Although there was an utter absence of the refining influence of women, good women were held in profound respect. Life and property were secure though locks and

bars were unknown, and men trusted their money to people who a few hours before had been strangers to them. There was not a school, or a Protestant church, but men read their Bibles in their homes. The discovery of gold changed this condition of affairs, and brought to the locality the scum of the whole world—convicts from Australia; the vagabonds of large European cities; the toughs from New York, and "plug-uglies" from Philadelphia; desperadoes from Central and South America; outcasts from the South Sea Islands, and pariahs from all over the world. All kinds of crimes were common, and no man's life or property was safe. Then came the "Vigilance Committee," and the reign of swift justice, and finally San Francisco became one of the most quiet, law-abiding, well-governed cities in the world. San Francisco is famed for its restaurants. It is said they number about four hundred, and that forty thousand people daily take their meals at them. They are of all grades and prices—from the "Poodle Dog," where a dinner costs from two and a half to twenty dollars, down to the Miner's Restaurant, where it costs only forty cents. There are also a large number

of French, German, and Italian restaurants where one may get a good breakfast for half a dollar, a lunch for twenty-five cents, and a dinner, *à la carte*, including claret, for seventy-five cents. A tenderloin steak (and the beef is said to be of an excellent quality), potatoes, bread and butter, and a cup of coffee, will cost fifty cents; a lamb chop, potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee, twenty-five cents; salmon, bread and butter, and coffee, twenty-five cents; an omelet, or eggs boiled, fried, or scrambled, with coffee, and bread and butter, thirty-five cents. A grade lower down, but in places which seem to be clean and respectable, one gets three dishes for twenty-five cents, and may obtain quite a decent meal for from twenty to thirty cents. The European habit of living in lodgings and taking meals at restaurants is very much in vogue in San Francisco. Among the hotels is one which may be called a California peculiarity. It is what would be called a second- or third-class hotel, but serves excellent meals and lodgings at fifty cents each; this place grew popular under the patronage of the miners, who, when they come into town from their distant camps and cabins, insist on having good fare though they are

rather indifferent to the manner in which it is furnished. This hotel has a special office for receiving clothes to be washed and mended, a well-chosen popular library with five thousand volumes, full files of newspapers and magazines, an extensive and valuable cabinet of minerals, and a beautiful collection of stuffed birds, all for the accommodation and entertainment of its guests. Its reading-room is generally well-filled with plain, rough-looking men, each with book or newspaper in hand. The rule of the establishment is for every guest to buy a supply of tickets for meals and lodgings on his arrival, at the uniform rate of fifty cents each, and the proprietor redeems, with cash, what have not been used up when the customer leaves.

One feature of San Francisco life is its bar-rooms; many of which are fitted up in a style of almost Oriental grandeur. They are furnished with immense mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling; carpets of the finest texture and the most exquisite patterns; luxurious lounges, sofas, and arm-chairs; massive tables covered with papers and periodicals, while the walls are adorned with beautiful and expensive paintings. Some years ago a picture which

had hung on the walls in one of these drinking-places was sold for twelve thousand five hundred dollars. Some of the keepers of these places are said to be men of considerable education and culture. One of them, some years ago, was an art critic for a leading local newspaper, and wrote a readable book of San Francisco reminiscences. There are two classes of these saloons which furnish a midday repast far too pretentious to be called a "free lunch." In the first a man gets a drink and a meal; in the second, a drink and a meal of inferior quality. He pays for the drink (twenty-five or fifteen cents, according to the grade of the place) and gets his meal for nothing. This consists, in the better class of establishments, of soup, boiled salmon, roast beef of excellent quality, bread and butter, potatoes, tomatoes, crackers and cheese. On the subject of eating, it may be said that the San Francisco markets supply almost every conceivable want of hungry humanity. The products of every clime are brought to the city. You can enjoy such luxuries as green peas, fresh tomatoes, celery, and cauliflower every day in the year, and even strawberries may be a perennial delight. Here, for months

in succession, are grapes of many varieties, at from two to fifteen cents a pound; here are apples from Northern California and Oregon, pears, figs, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, and blackberries from the neighboring valleys, and oranges, lemons, limes, and bananas from the southern counties, all in fullest perfection of form and ripeness, and at moderate prices by the pound—for fruits and vegetables are uniformly sold by weight. Salmon is plentiful throughout the year at ten to twenty cents a pound, with smelts, soles, herrings, cod, bass, shrimps—in fact, every treasure of the sea, while the variety of game is unequalled.

The Eastern visitor is struck with the good management of the Wells & Fargo Express Company, which has been a great convenience in the far western part of the country. It extends to every village, almost to every mining camp, in the Pacific States and Territories. It is said that the first three establishments set up in a new mining town are a restaurant, a billiard-saloon and a Wells & Fargo office; these three enterprises represent the first stage of civilization. In the early days the company carried more letters on the Pacific coast than the government did, for, though it first paid

the government postage on every one, and then added its own charges, the certainty and promptness of its carriage and delivery being ahead of the post-office department, made the agency very much in favor with the public. It has carried as many as three millions of letters in the course of a year. It does errands of every sort, and to every place; it exchanges gold and greenbacks; it buys and sells gold and silver in the rough; it owns all the principal stage lines of the interior; and it brings to market all the productions of the gold and silver mines.

On the morning of May 3d, by invitation of General Miles, commanding the Department of the Pacific, who had called upon us on the preceding afternoon, and kindly extended to us the use of the government steamer for a sail in the harbor, we went to the Mission Street wharf and boarded the vessel *McDowell.* We sailed out through the Golden Gate, visited the fortress and the Union Iron Works, where they were building the *San Francisco;* we saw the *Charleston,* which had just been completed, and was lying in a dock near by. About twenty-three miles from the Golden Gate are the Farallon Islands. They are six

rugged islets, and the meaning of the word Farallon, which is Spanish, is a small pointed islet in the sea. These islands are seldom visited by travellers or pleasure-seekers. On one of them is a government light-house, a brick tower seventeen feet high, surmounted by a lantern and illuminating apparatus. There is also a fog-whistle, which is a huge trumpet, six inches in diameter at its smaller end, and which is blown by the rush of air through a cave or passage connecting with the ocean. One of the numerous caves worn into the rocks by the surf had a hole at the top, through which the incoming breakers violently expelled the air they carried before them. This cave has been utilized. The mouth-piece of the trumpet or fog-whistle is fixed against the aperture in the rock, and the breaker, as it dashes in, blows the fog-whistle, which can be heard at a distance of seven or eight miles.

The light-house keepers and their families on the only inhabited island pass a very lonely life. Their house, which is built under the shelter of the rocks, seems to be open to perpetual storm; the sound of the ocean's roar is never absent day or night; wild birds scream,

sea-lions howl, and every now and then there are dreadful storms to make the din more hideous. During the winter season the supply vessel is unable, sometimes, to make a landing for weeks at a time. The islands are inhabited by multitudes of sea-lions, and vast numbers of birds and rabbits. The latter animals are descendants from a few pairs brought to the islands, many years ago, by a speculator who intended to make a rabbit warren for the supply of the San Francisco market. The animals increase very rapidly, so much so that sometimes hundreds of them perish of starvation and general weakness. The sea-lions congregate by thousands upon the cliffs, many of them bigger than an ox. They lie in the sun upon the bare and warm rocks, or, climbing to high summits, fall asleep and finally plunge into the ocean below. They are sometimes caught by the use of the lasso, which has to be held by half a dozen men, or quickly fastened to a projecting rock, or the seal would surely get away.

The wild birds which breed on these desolate islands are gulls, murres, shags, and sea-parrots, the last a kind of penguin. For many years a company has gathered from these

islands the eggs of the murre, the season lasting from the middle of May until the last of July. About twenty men are employed in this work, living on the island during the time in rude shanties near the usual landing-place. The eggs are laid in the most inaccessible places, and the eggers are obliged to climb to points which a goat would hesitate about approaching. The egger cannot carry a basket, but puts the eggs into his shirt-bosom, and when he has collected a sufficient number he takes them down the cliff to some place to deposit, where they can be put in baskets, and subsequently taken to the regular receiving-house near the shore. These eggs are largely used in San Francisco by the restaurants and by bakers for omelets, cakes, and custards. In the early days of California, when provisions were high-priced, the egg gatherers were very lucky. Once, in 1853, a boat absent but three days brought in one thousand dozen, and sold the whole cargo at a dollar a dozen ; and in one season thirty thousand dozen were gathered, and brought an average of but little less than this price.

On our return we reached San Francisco about half-past twelve, going to the Palace

Hotel for lunch ; then went to Oakland with Mrs. Webb, where the train had been taken on a transport. We remained there until evening, taking on a large supply of groceries, the first since we had left New York. Our cars were put on the end of a regular train, this being the first time that we did not run special. The transport *Solano,* that took us across to Sacramento, is capable of holding fifty-two freight cars and four engines. It is four hundred and fifty feet long, sixty-four feet wide, and has four tracks. This is probably the widest vessel afloat ; her extreme width over guards is one hundred and sixteen feet, and she has four paddle-wheels, each thirty feet in diameter.

Mr. Towne came over to see us off, and we found it difficult to express our thanks and gratitude for the kind and considerate manner in which he and his people had treated us since we had been on their line. It would be a most difficult task for us to find a way to repay this gentleman for the courteous, thoughtful, and generous treatment we had received at his hands.

CHAPTER XII.

SAN FRANCISCO: THE CHINESE QUARTER.

THE evening of Wednesday the first of May was spent by the gentlemen of the party in a visit to the famous Chinese quarter of San Francisco. We were accompanied by our detective, and on this occasion saw more dirt, filth, and degradation than we imagined could exist in any city in the United States.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco lies principally in Dupont and Jackson streets, and within a stone's throw of the fashionable thoroughfare around Kearney Street, which was bright and crowded on the night we made our excursion, its gay shops all ablaze with lights. Individually the Chinaman may be clean; collectively he is just the opposite. The Chinese cook keeps his coppers and pans clean and bright, washes his hands frequently while pursuing his vocation, but go to his

home and you will find him living in a state of squalor and dirt which is truly shocking. Fifteen or twenty Chinamen will live, sleep, and cook in a hovel or cellar twelve feet square, having only a door for the purpose of admitting light and air. When the occupants are not cooking they are lying in their rude bunks on the side of the apartment, either sleeping or smoking opium. The boarding-houses established by the Chinese Companies soon become grimy and dirt-encrusted from cellar to roof. The Chinamen will live under the sidewalks, under staircases, in cramped bunks, and on rickety platforms, and when a building has once been occupied by Chinese, it must always remain a pest-hole or be torn down.

The Chinese seem to have a particular affinity for subterranean dwellings. You go down a ladder-like staircase into a cellar, where you might expect to find coal or barrels stowed away, and, lo and behold, you are standing in a barber-shop. You pass farther along and find yourself in an underground pawnbroker's, the apartment very close and stuffy, and dimly lit by a feeble flaring lamp. The shop is crammed with every possible object on which

a dollar can be raised. In one corner there is a heap of old clothes; there are clocks, and an assortment of pistols and knives of all sorts, from the pocket penknife to a pair of murderous-looking blades which seem especially adapted for literally slicing a man to pieces.

Beyond the pawnbroker's shop you will find an apartment dark, unventilated, and very much like the steerage cabin of an emigrant steamer. There are wooden shelves, or bunks, on the sides of the wall, screened by ragged curtains. In each bunk there is a Chinaman, who is smoking his pipe of opium. He will take a pinch of the dark, jelly-like substance on a wire, melt it over a little lamp with which he is provided, then smear it over the aperture in the pipe, and draw it with great, deep breaths into his lungs. Many Chinamen literally live in these dens. They pay so much rent for their bunk, in which they keep their few worldly possessions, and do their simple cooking in a little court outside of the building. Others work part of the day, and stay at the opium den at night. The opium pipe consists of a straight or slightly curved stem about eighteen inches long, with a bowl three inches

round, in the centre of which is a small circular hole. This leads to a smaller reservoir in the centre of the bowl, and a channel runs from this to the end of the pipe, which the smoker places in his mouth.

The great aim of Mongolian existence, judging from what we saw, seems to be to get the largest number of human beings into the least possible space. The Chinese seem to herd together, to go in droves, and it would seem almost impossible that there should be a Chinese hermit. In this quarter of the town there are long, narrow, black alleys, so black that one has to grope his way, so narrow that the party must walk in single file, and so long that when you get to the end of them it seems as if you were miles away from the Golden City. You go through room after room, burrow your way along narrow passages, under low rafters, and over slippery and shaky floors. You see nothing but dirt and rags and squalor, and the sickly odor of opium permeates every apartment.

There are about ten heathen temples, or Joss-houses, in San Francisco, and some of them are fitted up with considerable splendor. The most noted was fitted up by a distin-

guished Chinese physician, a resident of the city. The temples are usually in alleys, the best one being in the third story of a brick building, and in each apartment there are a dozen or more gods and goddesses, representing persons who have once lived and performed some good deed for which they have been deified. There is a gong placed near the deities; also an oven. In the oven gifts and written representations of prayer, which are bought of the priest near by, are thrown, and as they burn the gong sounds to call the attention of the spirits who are to receive them to the offerings made. The deities represent different qualities, Joss being the supreme deity. There is a god of War, and there is a goddess of Mercy. The latter image was brought from China by the physician above referred to, and cost eight thousand dollars. The story about her is this: She was a fine young woman, and in order to escape a disagreeable marriage went to the house of a religious sisterhood. Her father burned the buildings, but her prayers saved the occupants. Her mission in the other world is to look after the souls of those who have no friends here, or who have friends that are unmindful and

negligent. One image represents a wretched looking being who has lost his soul through the commission of some great crime in this life. He is constantly in pursuit of his lost soul, sometimes in the act of grasping it, when it eludes him, and he is constantly obliged to keep up his restless search. The Chinese have no regular hours of worship, but come and go in the temples at all times; they bow before the images in a perfunctory manner, and their worship seems to be as apathetic as their general demeanor. Most of these Joss-houses are dingy and carpetless, with tables covered with handsome vases, candlesticks, and other offerings; panels of rare and curious carving in bas-relief, protected by a grating; tinsel, trays of Joss-sticks, incense, and the gong, which gives forth a deep, sepulchral toll.

The Chinese are inevitable gamblers, and the entrances to their gambling dens are guarded by two or three quiet-faced old Chinamen, who sit on little stools a few feet back from the sidewalk. These places are easily entered by the patrons of the establishment, but should an unknown visitor, or officer, come to them, and give rise to the sus-

picion that a raid was going to be made upon the place, the old man at the door would pull a bell, and such a proceeding would be made impossible; for the moment the bell is pulled a big door, six inches thick, with heavy crossbars of wood and iron, is closed at the farther end of the hall. If this door should be passed, the intruders would find themselves in a maze, with heavy, barricaded doors at every angle, each one supplied with ingenious mechanical contrivances which will bolt and bar them. The tinkle of the bell also warns the gamblers, who fly out at rear exits, or up to the roof.

That these contrivances for protection from interference are very ingenious, is illustrated by the fact that, on one occasion, while a certain wonderfully active and efficient officer was hotly pursuing the Mongolians in one of those winding passages, he suddenly found himself hauled up to the ceiling, with his neck in a noose, and there he dangled until he was cut down by his brother officers.

The gambling game which the Chinese indulge in is called "tan." It is a simple banking game, and played by rapidly dividing a number of buttons into three or four heaps, the betting being whether the heaps contain

an odd or an even number. There is also a Chinese lottery, which in some respects resembles the game of "policy," played so extensively by the colored population of our large Eastern cities. On each ticket eighty Chinese numbers are printed. The buyer is allowed to cross out five or more of these numbers, and if any or all of them when drawn are found to be prizes, the money called for is paid. The drawings take place twice a day, and the prizes are five, varying from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars. The price of the tickets is from ten cents to one dollar.

Chinamen have many fights and quarrels among themselves, growing out of personal jealousies and rivalry. These may not be so common at the present time, but only a few years ago assassination was recognized as a legitimate means of settling a difficulty, and such placards as the following, offering rewards for the removal of any disagreeable individual, were not at all uncommon:

"The members of the Wing Ye Tong Society offer a reward, on account of Cheung Sam's shoe factory violating our rule.

"Consequently, our society discontinued work.

"Unless they comply with our rules again, we will not work.

"Some of our workmen secretly commenced to work for them.

"We will offer $300. to any able man for taking the life of one of those men who secretly commenced to work, and $500. for the killing of Sam Lee.

"We write this notice and seal by us for certainty.

"The reign of Quong Chue, in the second year. The fourth of Chinese February. "WING YE TONG."

Chinese assaults were quite common a few years ago, so common indeed, that the local newspapers made mere items of the occurrences, though some of the difficulties were what we would call of a vary grave character. A captain of police, hearing a disturbance, once went into one of the narrow alleys to see what was the trouble. He found there a Chinaman on the ground holding up his hands to shield his face. Another Chinaman was standing over him, a knife in each hand, slashing away as hard as he could. The fingers of the unfortunate victim were rapidly being hacked to pieces, the side of his face was a bubbling fountain of blood, his scalp was laid bare, and his nose cut to pieces. The would-be murderer was arrested and sentenced to ten years in State-prison, and died there before

his term expired; his victim recovered with three fingers and a half, one third of a nose, a forehead divided in two by a red scar, and his head drawn to one side from the effect of blood-letting.

The Chinese theatre is one of the institutions of China Town. It will seat nearly a thousand people, and has a pit, gallery, and boxes. The men sit in one part of the building wearing their hats, and women are allowed the privilege of attending on holidays, when the gallery is reserved for them. The doors of the theatre are opened at seven o'clock in the morning, and the performance begins soon after, and continues until eleven o'clock at night, with the exception of an intermission at noon for dinner, and a couple of hours, from five to seven o'clock, in the evening. There is no curtain, no scenery, and the play is not divided into acts and scenes. When a man is killed, he remains dead upon the stage for a reasonable period, until he gets tired of his horizontal position, when he gets up, and quietly walks off the stage. The orchestra, consisting of a row of men, sit on the rear of the stage just back of the performers, and play gongs, cymbals, and other loud-sounding

instruments dear to the Chinese heart. Women do not take part in the performance, female characters being taken by men. Historical plays usually last about six months, being continued from night to night until they are concluded.

Nearly all kinds of business are represented in China Town, from the broker to the butcher, from the cobbler to the commission-merchant, from the tea-dealer to the thief, and from the goldsmith to the gambler. Many of the Chinese are cigar-makers and make a cheap and nasty quality of cigars. Many are engaged in boot- and shoe-making. A large number keep shops for the sale of pork. They are excellent fishermen. They work on the mountain roads and on new railways. They are employed in the sunny vineyards of Sonoma, and clear snow-drifts from the great transcontinental highways. They have established wood-yards in San Francisco, and with baskets tied on each end of a pole, which they carry on their shoulders, they peddle vegetables in certain parts of the city. They manage to acquire a sufficient knowledge of English to carry on business intercourse, but their "pigeon English" is very grotesque and

amusing. Here is a specimen,—a "pigeon English" rendering of the first three lines of "My name is Norval":

My namee being Norval topside that Glampian Hillee,
My father you sabee my father, makee pay chow-chow he sheep,
He smallo heartee man, too muchee take care that dolla, gallo?

CHAPTER XIII.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND MOUNT SHASTA.

On the morning of May 4th, after leaving Redding, to which point we had now arrived, we gradually entered the mountains and approached the far-famed Shasta Range, the scenery growing grander as we ascended the mountain gorge. The railroad crossed and re-crossed the Sacramento River eighteen times in seventy-eight miles. The forest was very dense, and the trees tall and large. On this particular morning, we stopped our train soon after breakfast, just as we were crossing a beautiful stream that emptied into the Sacramento, a short distance above Morley. Some of the party tried their luck at fishing, but we were not able to remain long, as we were afraid we might be overtaken by the Portland express, which was behind us at Redding; as it was, our rear brakeman ran up to us and said that the train was coming up the moun-

tain. Our engineer had blown three whistles to call the party in, and before we could get away the express was waiting behind us, panting, as if with impatience, to climb the steep grade just ahead. At Soda Springs, a short distance above Dunsmuir, there is an excellent hotel where parties can stop over and get good fishing. From Upper Soda we passed through a wild canyon, over trestles, the road winding in a zigzag course up the mountain. At one point we could look down the great declivity and see three separate sections of the road on the side of the mountain, one below the other. From Upper Soda, where we left the Sacramento, it is not a half a mile by the path up the mountain to McCloud, but by the railroad it is eight miles. At this point we stopped our train, got out, and going to the edge of the mountain we could look down and see the day-express train winding its way up the acclivity some seven hundred feet below. McCloud is a lumber town, filled with logs and saw-mills. In its immediate vicinity is the McCloud River, which is famous for the size and quality of its trout.

At Sisson, situated in the Strawberry Valley, a few miles beyond McCloud, we stopped and

had a fine sight of Mount Shasta. This mountain is not only the most striking topographical feature of Northern California, but the largest and grandest peak of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges. It stands alone at the southern end of Shasta Valley. In approaching it from the north and south there is a gradual increase in the elevation of the country for about fifty miles; the region near the base itself thus attains an altitude of three thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The mountain itself is fourteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea level. The ascent may be accomplished, in a favorable season, without much danger or difficulty, by stout resolute men. The extreme exhaustion realized in ascending mountains like Blanc or the Matterhorn is not experienced; nor is the trial so dangerous, by reason of huge fissures and icy chasms; the main difficulty arises from the rarefied condition of the air, to which the system must adapt itself rather suddenly for comfort. The ascent is frequently made by parties who stop at Sisson and take two days for the trip, going on horseback to Sisson Camp, and the next morning on foot to the summit. Sisson Camp is just on the edge of the timber line. Parties go there, and

remain for weeks at a time, making hunting excursions into the woods and remaining away for three or four days. The hunting in this vicinity is said to equal any that can be found on the coast from Portland to San Francisco, and the fishing is without a parallel. This region is, in fact, a hunter's paradise: grizzly, black, and cinnamon bears, are found without number; elk and mountain sheep tempt the skill of the venturesome sportsman; antelope are sometimes seen on the foot-hills; while deer of all varieties, especially the mule and black-tail, are in such abundance as scarcely to be sought after.

The view of the mountain from Shasta Plains is very grand. With no intervening mountains to obstruct the prospect, the base is seen resting among the dense evergreen forests; higher up, it is girdled with hardy plants and shrubs to the region of frosts, and thence the sheeting snow. During some seasons the great monarch seems to retire to gloomy solitudes and sits a storm king upon the clouds, invisible to mortal eye.

A well-known writer, Clarence King, who made the ascent of Shasta, thus relates one of his experiences: "From a point about mid-

way across where I had climbed and rested upon the brink of an ice-cliff, the glacier below me breaking off into its wild pile of cascade blocks and sérac, I looked down over all the lower flow, broken with billowy upheavals, and bright with bristling spires of sunlit ice. Upon the right rose the great cone of Shasta, formed of chocolate-colored lavas, its sky-line a single curved sweep of snow cut sharply against a deep-blue sky. To the left, the precipices of the lesser cone rose to the altitude of twelve thousand feet, their surfaces half-jagged ledges of lava, and half irregular sheets of ice. From my feet the glacier sank rapidly between volcanic walls, and the shadow of the lesser cone fell in a dark band across the brilliantly lighted surface. Looking down its course, my eye ranged over sunny and shadowed zones of ice, over the gray-boulder region of the terminal moraine; still lower, along the former track of ancient and grander glaciers, and down upon undulating pine-clad foot-hills descending in green steps, and reaching out like promontories into the sea of plain which lay outspread nine thousand feet below, basking in the half-tropical sunshine, its checkered green fields and orchards ripening their wheat and figs."

In the forests around Mount Shasta are found the maple, evergreen oak, and several varities of pine, including the spruce, the cedar, and the fir. Chief among them all for symmetry and perfection of figure is the majestic sugar-pine, nearly equalling the redwood in size, and excelled by none as a beautiful forest-tree. The Sacramento River rises far up on the southwestern slope of the mountain, far above vegetation and the timber line, and almost amid eternal snow. The McCloud, its principal tributary, rises on the eastern slope.

After leaving Sisson, we travelled through the beautiful Shasta Valley, later in the day ascending the Siskiyou Mountains just before crossing into Oregon. This part of our journey was exceedingly interesting. At the foot of the grade we attached to our train of four cars two large consolidated engines. In the distance we could see the road winding up the mountain. At the top of the ascent, ten miles before we came to it, we saw the entrance to a tunnel which is four thousand one hundred and sixty feet in length, and which our train subsequently passed through. The grade up the mountain was nearly two hundred feet to the mile. After passing through the tunnel

we came to Siskiyou, the highest point on the road. The view from this point was grand in the extreme. Looking down into the valley below we could easily distinguish the railroad wending its way northward, and it seemed incredible to us that our train would also soon be in the same position. To the right and east the Cascade Mountain, extending fully four hundred miles to the north, loomed up into view. The grade on the north side of the Siskiyou Mountains we found more tortuous and much steeper than on the south side, and at certain places our train had to go very slowly, lest our cars, being unusually long, should strike the sides of the mountain. In making our descent we were obliged to cross many high trestles, to go through three tunnels, and the road so twisted and turned that we could scarcely have told the points of the compass, much less the locality in which we were, if we had not been accompanied by the superintendent of the division, who helped us to a knowledge of our surroundings. When we reached the valley the scenery was of a very different character. We had rapidly been taken away from everything that pertained to a tropical climate, and the rich and profuse vegetation for which California is famous.

The region through which we were travelling reminded us very much of what we were accustomed to see in the East, more especially the pastoral life peculiar to the New England States. It was noted, too, that even the trees in this part of the country were similar to those to be found around our country home at Shelburne, Vermont, and very different from the varieties we had met with on the California slope.

Ashland is the terminus of the Southern Pacific road; it is four hundred and thirty-one miles from San Francisco. At this point we changed engines, and travelled over the Oregon and California Railroad, a line leased by the Southern Pacific. During the afternoon we stopped in the Shasta Valley and tried our luck at fishing in a pretty stream which, as we crossed it, looked as though it would give us some sport. The train was sent on about five miles ahead to a siding, with instructions to return for us in about two hours. Our party got out of the cars and fished, but succeeded in capturing only a few of the finny tribe. Shortly after breakfast on this particular morning the following telegram was delivered to us; it will serve to indicate, in some small degree at least, the generous and

thoughtful treatment we received at the hands of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company:

"*Dr. W. S. Webb and party:*

"Good-morning. I hope you are enjoying yourselves thoroughly. Do not fail to remember that I am at the other end of the wire, and call upon me for anything you want. A. TOWNE."

The northern part of California is, in many respects, one of the most interesting portions of the State; it is particularly adapted to sheep-grazing, and it is said that there are not a few young men who have migrated to this part of the State, started with a few sheep, and are now wealthy. Although the largest flocks of sheep are in the southern part of the State, the best quality of wool comes from the north. Klamath, Humboldt, Trinity, Tehama, Mendocino, and Yuba counties, where no sheep formerly ranged, now send the best wool. A few years ago all the wool was sent by sailing vessels round Cape Horn to New York and England. When the Pacific Mail Steamship Company increased their carrying facilities, at the same time reducing their rates of freight, it was sent by way of the Isthmus of Panama. At the present time nearly all the wool goes by the Central Pacific Railroad.

Some enterprising sheep-grazers in the Sac-

ramento Valley own a range in the foot-hills, and another on the bottom lands. During the summer the sheep are kept in the bottoms, which are then dry, and full of rich grasses; in the fall and winter they are taken to the uplands, and there they lamb and are shorn. Sheep are sometimes driven into the mountains, where they have green grass all summer, and it is not unusual to see groups of the animals crossing the Sacramento without a driver, and in the fall returning, of their own motion, each to its respective owner.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONTANA.

We arrived at Portland, Oregon, on the morning of Sunday, May 5th. Mr. Boothby, of the Pullman Car Company, met us on our arrival, and did everything in his power to make our stay pleasant and comfortable. We attended the Episcopal Church in the morning, and in the afternoon drove over the town and through the park. Portland is the largest town of Oregon, and lies on the banks of the Willamette. We noticed that Sunday was observed with much greater strictness than in most towns on the Pacific coast. Large trees are to be found on every hand, and the few farms that are to be seen must have been cleared at very great expense. Portland was one of the first cities to be settled on the northern slope of the Pacific coast, but it is

only within the past few years that it has grown much in population; most of the immigration has been towards Tacoma, Seattle, and other towns farther north. The valley of the Willamette is a most fertile region, and very attractive in its natural curiosities. Many remarkable instances are to be found here of those eccentric mountain formations known as beetlers—huge conical, isolated hills.

We arrived at Tacoma about midnight on the 5th, and were placed on a side-track. It is evidently a new and certainly not a very inviting-looking city. When we were there the streets were not paved, but were covered hub-deep with mud. The sidewalks had a very rough and crude appearance, and the whole settlement looked like a frontier town. Notwithstanding all this, however, there had been such a boom in real estate that the price of a twenty-five foot lot with a very ordinary building on it was from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars. Whittier may have had such Western towns in view when he wrote:

> I hear the tread of pioneers,
> Of nations yet to be—
> The first low wash of waves
> Where soon shall roll a human sea.

Behind the squaw's light birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

The weather was cold and rainy when we arrived here, and our spirits were at a very low ebb. A call was made upon the General Superintendent of the Pacific division of the Northern Pacific Railroad, who was found to be quite agreeable though very busy, and unable to leave his office. He at once made arrangements to have us leave for the East over his road as soon as we could get some information we wanted in regard to the fishing along the line. We did not go to Seattle, as it would have consumed another day.

We stopped at the foot of the Cascade Range and fished for two hours without success. The superintendent of this division came down to meet us, and with two consolidation engines, each having ten drivers, took us over the range; the grade, at this point, being one hundred and seventy-four feet to the mile. This range of mountains includes some of the loftiest peaks in the United States, among which are Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, and Mount Pitt. The first of this grand trio has a volcanic crest four-

teen thousand feet above the level of the sea; on its northern side it is nearly vertical for seven thousand feet; there the snows of winter accumulate till they reach the very summit, but when the summer thaw commences all this vast body of snow becomes disintegrated at once, and, in a sweeping avalanche, buries itself in the deep furrows at its base and leaves the precipice bare.

We arrived at Spokane Falls early on the morning of May 7th. Dr. Merriam, to whom I had telegraphed from Tacoma, met us on our arrival, and gave us some information that we had requested about the fishing. Spokane Falls is a very prosperous town, and the streets are well laid out and planned for a city of some thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, although the population at present is less than half the first estimate mentioned. This is the distributing place for the mines, and the great success which is just now attending those enterprises is likely to materially raise the price of real estate.

At eleven o'clock, on this particular morning, we went to Hope, on Lake Pend d'Oreille. This is a new station and a divisional point of the Northern Pacific; as the railroad moved

its round-houses here owing to the water giving out at the former terminus. We got a boat from the Northern Pacific Railroad, and Mrs. Webb, Dr. McLane, and the writer took a sail on the lake; the other members of the party went fishing in small boats and had very good luck, catching trout near the shore weighing from two to three pounds. This lake is beautifully encircled by mountains, and is sixty miles long; the water is from five hundred to eight hundred feet deep. There are no towns near it, and it is as wild a place as the traveller will seldom see. On the northern bank of the lake there is a very small place called Chloride, where the miners stop on their way to the Chloride Silver Mines. Before we left this locality for Helena, which we did the next evening at half-past six, the boys went out fishing again and returned with a very good catch.

We arrived at Helena on the morning of May 9th. Mr. Shelby, the General Manager of the Montana Central (which is a part of the Manitoba system), met us on our arrival and took us over the road to Butte, the largest mining city in the world, where the celebrated Anaconda Silver Mines are located. After

lunch we took carriages and drove around the city, which struck us as being a very strange town. Half of the population worked in the mines during the day, and the other half during the night. The liveliest hours of the day were twelve o'clock noon, and at midnight, when the day gangs came up to be relieved by the night workers.

The primitive manner of gathering gold in the Montana mines is rude and incomplete enough. In all the gulches, at depths varying from six to fifty feet, is a *bed-rock* of the same general conformation as the surface. Usually this is granite; but sometimes before reaching the primitive rock two or three strata of pipe-clay—the later beds of the stream, upon which frequently lies a deposit of gold—are passed. Upon the bed-rock is a deposit from three to four feet in depth of gravel and boulders, in which the gold is hidden. This is called by the miner "pay-dirt," and to remove it to the surface and wash it is the end of mining. It is an expensive and laborious process indeed. The water has first to be controlled; and in mines of not too great depth this is done by a drain ditch along the bed-rock, commenced many claims below. In

this all the claim-holders are interested, and all contribute their quota of the labor and expense of digging it. The district laws permit every person to run such a drain through all the claims below his own, and force every man to contribute alike towards its construction, on pain of not being allowed to use the water, even though it flows through his own land. The water controlled, the rest is mere physical labor, which only bones and sinews of iron can endure. In the shallow diggings the superincumbent earth above the pay-dirt is removed, and the process is called "stripping." In deep diggings a shaft is sunk to the bed-rock, and tunnels are run in every direction, and this is called "drifting." The roof is supported by strong piles, but these supports too frequently give way, and hurry the poor miners to untimely deaths. The pay-dirt, in whichever way obtained, is then shovelled into the sluice-boxes—a series of long troughs so made as to prevent the gold from washing past, or the dirt from settling to the bottom. The gold being heavier sinks to the bottom and is caught by cross-bars called "riffles"; in the lower boxes is frequently placed quicksilver, with which the lighter par-

ticles amalgamate. During the washings the large stones and boulders are removed by a fork. The heavy sand and iron are separated by a careful washing by hand and by the magnet.

In the new and thinly settled countries of the West many ideas have always been expressed by figures drawn from the pursuits of the people. Much of the language of the Indians is expressed by signs. So, with miners, their conversation is full of expressions peculiar to their vocation. The new settler is called a "pilgrim" or a "tenderfoot." The term "adobe," the sun-dried brick, applied to a man, signifies vealiness and verdancy. A "corral" is an enclosure into which herds are gathered; hence a person who has everything arranged to his satisfaction announces that he has everything "corralled." A man fortunate in any business has "struck the pay-dirt"; unfortunate, has "reached the bed-rock." Everything viewed in the aggregate, as a train, a family, or a town, is an "outfit." A miner in criticising a certain lawyer in his neighborhood—"a great blower," as he would be called in the East—said expressively: "When you come to pan him out, you don't find color."

The names of the gulches near Helena are very suggestive; here are some of the most peculiar ones: Bean Gulch, Bilk Gulch, Boomerang Gulch, Greenhorn Gulch, Hell-Gate Gulch, Hail-Columbia Gulch, Hangman's Gulch, Hope Gulch, Ice-House Gulch, Last-Chance Gulch, Lost-Horse Gulch, Magpie Gulch, New-York Gulch, Peter's Gulch, Show-Down Gulch, and Yankee-Doodle Gulch. Helena is the second point of importance in the Territory. Near it are the low valleys of the Missouri, which are rapidly becoming the homes of thrifty farmers.

In regard to the grazing qualities of this country, finer grasses have never anywhere been seen than between the Columbia and the Missouri rivers. Their nutritive qualities are apparent from the number and condition of the stock that feed upon them. Wild hay is cut from thousands of acres. The grass is mostly a wild bunch-grass, growing from twelve to eighteen inches high, and covering the entire country. Horses and horned stock by thousands, and sheep by the hundreds, all bespeak the wealth that is wrapped up in the native grasses of this region. Years ago it was prophesied that the wealth of this beauti-

ful region would eventually consist of thousands of fleecy sheep to be sheared; the streams of the Rocky Mountains themselves might be caught and harnessed to the spindles and looms of wool manufactories to be erected, and the wool-trade with the St. Louis market would constitute a trade replete with wealth and magnitude.

The city was started by a few emigrants from Minnesota, who discovered a gold mine, which, for several months, they worked quietly, amid their majestic mountain scenery, making no announcement of their wealth. In the winter of 1864 their secret became known, and a heterogeneous population was drawn to the locality. Claims advanced in price, and the discoverers reaped fortunes. A hundred ravines near Helena showed gold, and every one of them was soon claimed from mouth to source. The first settlement made here was called Last-Chance Gulch.

The years 1865 and 1866 were those of the greatest excitement and immigration and gold production in the Territory. In the latter year, probably thirty-five thousand people were there, and twelve to fifteen millions of dollars were taken out, mostly from the sides and

bottoms of the gulches. Two men washed out a ton of gold, and from a single "bar" in Confederate Gulch three companies took a million and a half of dollars' worth.

The ranchman finds in Helena a good market for his produce — butter, eggs, cattle, horses, sheep, etc. The majority of the ranches are stocked with the best, and it is not a matter of wonder that they furnish the finest veal, beef, and mutton in the world. It is a fact that cattle are herded during the winter months, and on the approach of spring are in better condition and fatter than cattle in the Eastern States which are corn-fed and kept stabled during the same period. The same remark also applies to horses and mules. Considering the newness of the country it is well supplied with produce. Thousands of tons of hay are put up every season, and esculent roots are raised in prolific quantities.

We left Helena on the evening of the 9th of May, passing through the Prickly-Pear Canyon and following the Missouri River. The road crossed and recrossed the old stage route to Helena, which was abandoned only a few years ago.

Great Falls (at which point we arrived about eleven o'clock in the evening) is situated at the wonderful falls of the Missouri River, just where the Sun River empties into that stream. The town is beautifully located, and it is safe to say it has more natural resources, as a town site, than any other place in the country. At this point the Missouri River has a fall of five hundred feet in a few miles. The country around the town is a gently undulating plain, the land being of an excellent quality and varying from a sandy loam to a dark clay loam, without any admixture of sand. This description of country extends for miles around Great Falls, the nearest mountains, plainly in sight and densely timbered, being twenty-five miles away.

The principal street is lined with business houses, built of brick and stone. Though the town is only three years old, it has a population of two thousand inhabitants, public parks, electric lights, a fine hotel, and public school-house. Eventually it will be the distributing point for all the mines in the neighborhood; it will be to Montana what Denver and the country surrounding it are to Colorado.

On the morning of the 10th of May, with an engine and the buffet-car, we went to San Colu, about sixteen miles south of Great Falls, where the new coal-mines are located. These mines were discovered a short time before we visited them, and have now been worked about a year and a half. They have a working thickness of from seven to fourteen feet. Previous to their discovery the railroad at this point was compelled to haul its coal from St. Paul, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, obtaining the greater part of it from Ohio. Since the discovery of the coal-mines a large smelter has been put up by prominent New York capitalists, to smelt iron ore, which is found in the hills near by in great abundance. A railroad has been built to the mines, so that now the ore can be delivered to the smelter at comparatively small cost. A million dollars has already been expended on this smelter, and a Boston company has lately erected another at a cost of half a million more than that sum. Heretofore it would not have been practicable to erect smelters in this part of the country, owing to the want of coal, but since its discovery ores can be brought from Butte and the mines near by direct to the smelter, and smelted, thus leaving only the valuable part of

the ores to be transported East. The reader can form some idea of the richness of the ores in the mines south of this point, when it is stated that the owners can afford to draw the ores by team a distance of nearly sixty miles to the smelter. There is also at this place a very valuable lime quarry, which yields fifty-two per cent. of lime.

We were all very much interested in our visit to the smelter, and also enjoyed the sight of an enormous spring that bursts from the ground just below Black Eagle Falls, about one hundred yards back from the river. This is the largest known spring in America, and is believed by many to be the mouth of a subterranean river. According to an engineer's report on the subject, the volume of water from it equals a river one foot deep and seventy yards wide. Captains Lewis and Clark, who explored the Missouri in 1804, mentioned this great natural phenomenon.

Here, also, is a natural spring of pure cold water, which, if walled up, to any desired height, could supply the upper story of any house on the highest point in this region, while in quantity there is enough to supply two cities as large as New York.

CHAPTER XV.

"THE GARDEN OF MONTANA."

On leaving Great Falls, coming east, we journeyed for two hundred miles through the Judith basin, which is known as "The Garden of Montana." Benton, which is forty miles northeast of Great Falls, is one of the great shipping points of Montana. In 1888 there were shipped from Benton three thousand four hundred head of fat cattle, sixty-two thousand five hundred head of sheep, and nearly two million pounds of wool. From "The Garden of Montana" east of Great Falls, on the Manitoba Railroad, in the same period, there were shipped thirty-five thousand head of fat cattle, ninety-four thousand head of sheep, and about two and a half million pounds of wool.

We passed through Assiniboia, near to which is Fort Assiniboine, which we could see from the train. This is one of the largest and best-built military posts in the United States, the

buildings alone having cost over two millions of dollars. There are seven companies of infantry and two of cavalry stationed here. Before the railroad was built, some two years and a half ago, Helena, two hundred and seventy miles away, was the nearest point of railroad communication. Bear Paw Mountains, rising out of an almost level prairie, can be seen for miles around. The range is about seven thousand feet high, and is covered by large tracts of pine timber. Several streams of fine spring water gush forth on the plains from the sides of the mountain range. Valuable leads of gold, silver, and lead were discovered two summers ago, and many mines were located. At the base of these mountains is one of the most attractive tracts of land ever seen; it is slightly rolling, and elevated about five hundred feet above the valley of the Milk River. Summer before last we were told that the grass was waist-high over the whole face of the country, and very thick; it had been nourished by the frequent summer showers which are peculiar to this section. Large veins of the finest bituminous coal, from six to twenty feet in thickness, crop out at frequent intervals along the banks of the streams.

The country through which we passed towards evening was unsettled and looked very new; although a fertile and good grass country, for a distance of two hundred miles we saw only four houses, and those were railway stations. Many of the stations on this part of the road consist of simply a switch or siding, with the name put on a post driven into the ground; attached to the post is a box containing a telegraph key connected with the wires, so that an operator may telegraph in case of necessity. The Manitoba road carries an operator on each of its trains, so that these boxes can be used in case of need. There are no lamps on these switches, and if there were there are no inhabitants here to attend to them.

During a part of the journey the writer took one of the children on the engine, where he remained an hour; it was the first experience of the kind he had ever had. We saw a number of wolves on the prairie, and, at times, passed many groups of Indians, especially at Assiniboine, where we purchased from them a number of buffalo horns.

Although this country is so sparsely inhabited it must be borne in mind that only eighteen months before we saw it there was no railroad passing through the section, and the

government had only a year before opened this great reservation for settlement, which, in itself, is an empire containing about eighteen millions of acres, eligible for free homes under the United States land laws. This great tract through which the railroad runs is the cream of the Territory, and, without doubt, in the future will represent the great grain-producing section of the United States.

Many people suppose that because this Territory is near the northern boundary its climate is severe; the contrary is the case. It is within the limits of the warm winds which blow from the Pacific coast in the winter. These winds are called "chinooks," and as long as they continue, which is often for days at a time, the weather will be mild and spring-like. The limit of the "chinook" winds is three hundred miles east of the mountains, and within this section all kinds of stock graze at large the year round. The valleys are protected, and with the high plains are all richly watered. The slight snows melt immediately after they fall, leaving the ground bare, and it is very seldom that there is enough snow to allow sleighing. The rivers, if they close at all, remain frozen but for a few weeks, the ice invariably going out the last of January or during February.

Signal-service records show that the temperature in the winter is often higher at Great Falls than at San Antonio, Texas, or at Memphis, Tennessee. In the vicinity of Great Falls the climate is especially beneficial to persons with weak lungs, consumption and kindred diseases being almost unknown.

TEMPERATURES FOR FEBRUARY, 1888, AT

	HELENA.		CHICAGO.		ST. LOUIS.	
	7 A.M.	3 P.M.	7 A.M.	3 P.M.	7 A.M.	3 P.M.
February 1	30	36	30	32	30	34
" 2	28	24	28	32	34	34
" 3	22	32	30	32	32	34
" 4	24	30	32	32	32	36
" 5	20	34	24	20	22	20
" 6	32	36	6	24	22	34
" 7	38	40	14	14	34	46
" 8	46	38	12	0	14	16
" 9	44	44	16	6	6	4
" 10	36	42	4	12	6	14
" 11	44	48	4	18	18	24
" 12	46	56	16	28	18	44
" 13	40	40	26	42	34	48
" 14	42	30	26	16	46	30
" 15	28	20	8	16	16	26
" 16	36	48	14	36	24	44
" 17	34	46	28	40	36	52
" 18	40	42	36	42	38	56
" 19	34	42	48	46	48	58
" 20	34	38	28	24	34	46
" 21	34	40	18	28	32	36
" 22	38	46	28	38	32	44
" 23	32	44	34	38	36	46
" 24	28	40	32	40	38	42
" 25	34	38	34	16	30	30
" 26	34	44	4	6	20	22
" 27	34	52	2	6	0	12
" 28	28	12	10	30	18	32

The above table will give a very good idea of the temperature at Great Falls, which is only a few miles east of Helena, and if anything is a milder climate than at Helena.

The farmers begin the work of sowing their crops in February and March. The summers are not excessively hot. Harvest commences in August, and fall work is continued through the months of September, October, and November. Mild autumn weather lasts into December, thus giving a season of nine or ten months of beautiful weather. A notable feature about the climate is the dryness of the air; in the winter the mountains can be easily seen from sixty to one hundred miles away. Wheat yields from thirty to sixty bushels per acre, oats from fifty to one hundred and five bushels per acre, barley forty to seventy bushels, timothy from one and a half to three tons per acre, and other grains in proportion. Timber grows freely along the rivers; saw-mills, tanneries, flouring-mills, and mechanics' shops are in active and profitable operation; so that, with a climate almost as favorable as that of Colorado, and a soil more fertile, and an industry similarly diversified, Montana seems sure to occupy an important place in the commercial future of the Great West.

The Great Falls of the Missouri, from which the town of Great Falls takes its name, are esteemed by travellers as holding rank scarcely below the cataracts of Niagara. Beyond Council Bluffs commences a country of great interest and grandeur, called the Upper Missouri; buffalo, elk, and mountain sheep abound. Lewis, and Clark, and other travellers relate having seen here large and singular petrifactions, both animal and vegetable. On the top of a hill they found a petrified skeleton of a huge fish, forty-five feet in length. Navigation is very dangerous, on account of the swift current, the countless islands and sand-bars, and the murderous "snags" and "sawyers." A "snag" is a tree which, when washed away from the banks, floats into the stream, and then partially sinks; the roots become fastened in the bottom, and then the sharp stems, rising nearly to and above the surface of the water, are the fatal snags that almost instantly sink any steamer striking them. They always lie with their sharp ends pointing down the stream, and consequently are dangerous principally to ascending steamers. When a steamer is descending the stream, it slides over them, instead of being impaled. They are then known as "sawyers," if they project above the

water, the current giving them a waving motion. At a low stage of water, navigation is almost impossible.

The Great Falls of the Missouri are also wonderful, considered from a utilitarian point of view, or, in other words, the amount of water-power which they would be capable of furnishing, which, as estimated by a prominent engineer, would be one million horse-power. It would seem to be only a question of time when the town of Great Falls will be another St. Paul or Minneapolis. The Manitoba road intend building a line north of Great Falls, to connect with the Canadian Pacific.

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CHAPTER XVI.

FROM ST. PAUL TO MANITOBA.

We arrived at St. Paul on Sunday morning, May 12th, about half-past seven o'clock, and after breakfast went at once to the Ryan House. Soon after our arrival Mr. F. B. Clarke, of the Omaha road, called upon us; we had the pleasure of dining with him, and afterwards spent the evening with Mr. Hill.

After getting comfortably settled in our rooms in the morning, we took carriages and drove around the city. Some of our party went to church, and in the afternoon we took another drive around the town.

The following (Monday) morning, the writer's brother, Walter, Vice-President; Mr. Flagg, General Superintendent; Mr. Spoor, Division Superintendent; and Mr. Smith, private secretary, arrived from New York. The morning was occupied in talking over "Com-

pany" matters. After lunch our whole party went out to Mr. Hill's farm. While Mrs. Webb and the writer were admiring the stock on the place, the rest of the party went fishing. We returned to the city about seven o'clock, in time to see Walter and his party off to Chicago. Mr. Smith had arranged to remain, and accompany us a little way on the Canadian Pacific, when, with Louis, he intended to take the train, going home to New York by way of Montreal. We had expected Mr. Creighton Webb to join us here and take Louis' place, but for some reason he could not get away.

Soon after breakfast we all went over to Minneapolis. On our arrival there we were met by Mr. Thomas Lowry, who favored us with a pleasant drive over the city, showing us the parks and other places of interest, and taking us around the suburbs of the city. The writer had been to Minneapolis many times before, but must confess that not until this occasion had he ever realized the extent and beauty of this magnificent city. The saw- and grist-mills here are numerous and extensive. The Driving Park, south of the town, is an enclosure of seventy-five acres, and used for the purpose indicated by its name. Lakes

Harriet and Calhoun also afford delightful drives, while Lake Minnetonka is twelve miles to the west.

At half-past twelve we returned to St. Paul, and at once busied ourselves in getting ready to start for Winnipeg. At this point the cars were all cleaned both inside and out, the trucks and running gear were overhauled, and a plentiful supply of provisions laid in, in fact every preparation was made for our second long trip to the Pacific coast.

Promptly at three o'clock, with Mr. Mohler, the genial Assistant General Manager of the Manitoba road, we started northward. Mr. Hill, Mr. Clarke, and a group of other friends came down to the station and bade us good-by. The ride during the evening on our way north was exceedingly interesting; we saw a new part of the road, and the scenery was somewhat different from what is seen on the western section. We found the track to be in excellent condition, and made very good time after we came out of St. Paul.

As we entered the park region of Minnesota, we were continually passing lakes; it is said that there are ten thousand of these within an area of one hundred square miles. These

lakes form one of the most inviting and picturesque features of the State. They are found in every section, and are annually visited by large numbers of tourists and sportsmen. Sometimes they are little ponds a mile in circumference, and again sheets of water forty or fifty miles in extent. Their shores are charmingly wooded, and frequently present fine pictures of cliff and headland. The waters are pure and transparent, and are filled with whitefish, trout, pike, pickerel, sucker, perch, and other finny inhabitants. The largest of these lakes are the Minnetonka, the Osakis or Spirit Lake, White Bear, Kandiyohi, Otter Tail, and Mille Lacs.

This is a very fertile wheat country. Romantic stories of the wonders of the land which now forms the State of Minnesota were told more than two centuries ago by the zealous French missionaries, who had, even at that remote period, pushed their adventures thither; nevertheless, scarcely twenty years have elapsed since immigration has earnestly set that way, creating populous towns and cultivated farms along the rivers and valleys before occupied by the canoe and the wigwam of the savage alone. Some idea of the marvel-

lous growth and development of this young State may be formed from the fact that during the past decade the cultivated area of Minnesota has increased nearly three hundred per cent., the population nearly two hundred and fifty per cent., and the value of manufactures about two hundred and fifty per cent.

It seemed quite like home to get back to our train and spend our evenings in the buffet-car. The kindness and attention of the Manitoba officials could scarcely be exceeded; nothing was left undone to make our journey over their lines thoroughly comfortable and enjoyable. Their treatment reminded us of the generous hospitality we had received on the Southern Pacific more than any other experience we had met with since leaving the Pacific coast. The Manitoba people are certainly to be congratulated on having such a superb piece of property, and beyond a doubt there is a truly wonderful future in store for it. Persons who are looking for homes in the West should not fail to consider carefully the advantages to be derived from locating on the line of this road in Montana; we were given to understand that the company offers extraordinary inducements to settlers.

We passed through Winnipeg early on the morning of May 15th. Before arriving, the writer had received a telegram from the American consul at that place inviting our party to stop over at that city and attend a

banquet which it was intended to give in our honor, and, at the same time, be presented to the Governor of Manitoba. We were obliged to decline this flattering invitation, as we had arranged to stop at Winnipeg on our home

ward journey, and besides it was the wish of Mr. Van Horne that we should go directly through to the coast, and stop at different points on the Canadian Pacific road on our return.

After leaving Winnipeg the country presented the appearance of one broad, level plain —not a prairie, but a widening of the valleys of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, which unite at Winnipeg. There were large numbers of cattle to be seen, and, behind the trees, glimpses of well-tilled farms with comfortable farmhouses. The farmers here devote their energies to dairy products and to cattle-breeding. for nearly one hundred miles we followed the Assiniboine River, which is marked by a belt of timber. Between Winnipeg and Brandon the stations are about eight miles apart, many of them representing lively and enterprising towns, and at nearly all of them are large grain elevators. We arrived at Brandon about ten o'clock on the morning of May 15th, and there bade good-by to Louis and Mr. Smith.

Brandon has a population of five thousand four hundred, and is a divisional point on the railway. It is the largest grain market in Manitoba, and the distributing market for an

extensive and well-settled country. It has five grain elevators, a flouring-mill, and a saw-mill. A railway is being built from Brandon northwest to the Saskatchewan country. At this point, too, the standard time changes to "mountain time"—*i. e.*, it is one hour slower.

After changing engines, and having the train carefully examined, we proceeded on our westward journey, passing through a rolling prairie, and about one hundred miles from Brandon we entered the Province of Assiniboia. We saw a great number of ponds and small hills covered with low brush, where it is said excellent sport can be had in the wild-fowl season. At Broadview, a pretty place, but a divisional point dependent upon the railway, we changed engines again. A short ride from here brought us to the celebrated Bell farm, which embraces one hundred square miles of land. The work upon this vast estate is performed with military precision and discipline. The furrows ploughed on this farm are usually four miles in length; one furrow out and one back is considered half a day's work, and in the afternoon the same amount of labor is performed. The cottages on the farm are built of stone, and barns can be seen for miles

around; the large collection of buildings at the headquarters near the railway station include a church, a flour-mill, and, of course, a grain elevator; and it may be said here that in this section an elevator will be found wherever there is wheat to be handled or stored.

After passing Qu'Appelle we went for eight miles through a small-timbered country and then entered the great Regina Plain, which seems to be apparently boundless, extending in all directions; the soil is very fertile to a great depth. Regina is the capital of Assiniboia, and the distributing point for the sections of country lying far north and south. A railway runs from here northward, and will soon be extended to Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan. The Executive Council of the Northwest Territories, which embrace the provinces of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca, meets here. The Lieutenant-Governor's residence is at this place, and in the immediate neighborhood are the headquarters of the celebrated Northwest Mounted Police, whose buildings, including officers' quarters, drill hall, barracks, offices, store-houses, stables, etc., could be plainly seen from the train. The Northwest Mounted

Police is a military organization numbering one thousand young and picked men, who are stationed over the Northwest for the purpose of watching the Indians, and preserving order generally. Moose Jaw, where we changed engines, is another divisional point. There we saw a number of Indians encamped on the banks of the river. The Indian name for this place is "The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with-a-moose-jaw-bone."

After leaving Moose Jaw we noticed that the prairie was well marked in all directions with old buffalo-trails, and here and there the old wallows. This section was once the home of the buffalo; we say was, for their number is rapidly decreasing. Not one was visible, for they quickly leave the land which is traversed by the train. Once, however, this country was blackened by their hordes as they wandered over it at their will, or marched from one feeding-ground to another. In making this remark we may say that they do not run in a mob as represented in some pictures, but move in single file, like policemen. We crossed hundreds of their deeply worn tracks leading straight away into the distance, and surely indicating that the slopes of the

Rockies are fitted for the purpose to which they are being applied by the settler, viz., the rearing and feeding of cattle.

On this day we ran very fast, and by half-past seven o'clock had covered five hundred and ten miles, arriving at Swift Current, a divisional point where we changed engines. The country was exceedingly picturesque and much more thickly settled than we had been led to anticipate. While riding in the baggage-car we saw an antelope, at which we had four or five unsuccessful shots; we also saw a bear and a number of wolves. Rush Lake is a favorite resort for water-fowl, swans, geese, duck, and pelican, which at times are seen here in countless numbers. Snipe, plover, and curlew, which are common enough upon the prairies, are found here in great abundance.

We changed engines at Medicine Hat, situated on the Saskatchewan River, which is spanned by a fine steel bridge. There are large repair-shops located at this place, which is a very important station on the line, and not far away are large coal-mines. The river is navigable for some distance above, and for eight hundred miles below. From Medicine Hat the

ground creeps up towards the Rocky Mountains.

About thirty-five miles from Medicine Hat is a small station called Langevin. When they were building the railroad here they wanted water, and after boring over a thousand feet, hoping to make an artesian well, the search for water was repaid by fire. At least, one day, the borers, holding a candle or striking a match close to the hole, were thrust back by a fountain of flame, which licked up the house in which their engine was at work, and there stood a pillar of fire in the midst of the green prairie. They had then reached a depth of nearly eleven hundred feet, and, passing through the huge coal-bed which lies beneath, had probably struck a fissure. At all events, up rushed the gas, which, becoming ignited, soon consumed their solitary shelter. Presently, however, after some pains, the hole through which it issued was plugged and fitted with an iron pipe, governed by a tap. This natural gas is now used by the railroad company to pump water for the engines. In August the prairie at this point is said to present a very fine appearance, resembling, at times, a billowy ocean of grass.

We arrived at Gleichen, a railway divisional point, near the foot of the Rockies, on the 16th of May, at about half-past two in the morning, We stopped there until four o'clock to see the sun rise on the prairie, and it was one of the most imposing spectacles we had ever witnessed. As the orb of day rose over the horizon it appeared to be one mass of fire, while the moon was shining in the sky in the opposite direction. The mountains at first were invisible, but as the sun gradually came into view the reflection of its bright-red rays was thrown upon the snowy peaks of the Rockies in the distance. A few hours after we had witnessed this sight the mountains began to be visible ; although we had crossed the continent twice in the preceding five weeks, it seemed as if this was the first view we had really had of the Rocky Mountains. Shortly after leaving Gleichen we came to Calgary, very charmingly located on the banks of the Bow River, and surrounded by most excellent farming lands. This is the most important, as well as the handsomest, town between Brandon and Vancouver, and is situated on a hill-girt plateau, overlooked by the white peaks of the Rockies; it is the centre of the trade of the great ranching country,

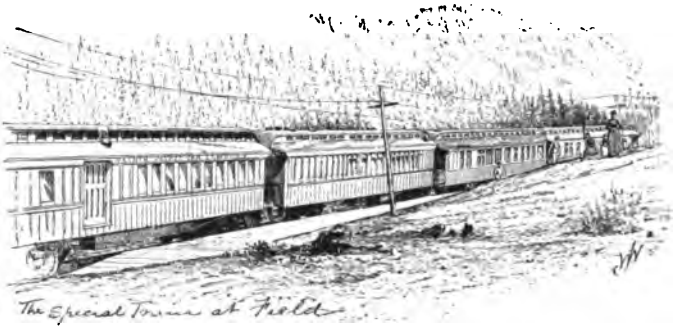
and the chief source of supply for the mining districts in the mountains beyond. The Hudson Bay Company have here an important post, and it is one of the principal stations of the Northwest Mounted Police. Lumber is easily obtainable here, as it is floated down the Bow River from Banff. Parties going into the extreme Northwest leave the train here, and after travelling from three to four hundred miles into the interior they find the largest and best horse-ranches in existence. One of eleven farms belonging to Sir John Lister Kaye is located at Calgary. Sir John married Miss Yznaga, of New York. As we passed through Calgary we saw his car standing on a side-track, he having recently come over on a visit from the other side. His eleven farms are located along the line of the road between Brandon and Calgary; there are ten thousand acres in each of them, and they are all situated near towns, or the nucleus of towns, and will eventually be exceedingly valuable. The land originally cost a large English stock company, which Sir John represents, about $3 an acre. It is only a question of time before it will be worth from $20 to $25 an acre for farming purposes alone; much of this property would bring

that price to-day, owing to its proximity to growing towns. Sir John visits the farms twice a year and overlooks the work.

After leaving Calgary and crossing the Bow, we ran through large ranches, and immense herds of horses and cattle were to be seen on every side. At Morley, a station near the mountains, we stopped for about five minutes at a trader's store and picked out a number of horns, heads, etc., and a beautiful grizzly-bear skin. At Kananaskis the mountains appeared to be close at hand, and we entered the gap or pass through which the Bow River runs, and which we were to pass through, and soon crossed the Rockies. The scenery at this stage of the journey was grand and impressive. Above us, on both sides, we saw vertical walls rising to a dizzy height, snow-laden, seared and scarred by enormous gorges and promontories. At Canmore we changed engines, and here had an excellent view of the mountain representing in profile what are called the "Three Sisters." Following the Bow River we entered the Canadian National Park. We hauled up on a side-track and waited for the transcontinental train for the East to pass. The weather being quite

warm, we took the children out for an airing; some of the party amused themselves by firing at a mark, while others made use of their fishing-rods in Bow River.

The ride from here on through the mountains was grand beyond description. Each mountain as it loomed up into view seemed grander and more imposing than the last. The



scenery in this part of the country is certainly more magnificent than anything we had dreamed of. As we neared the summit, an altitude of five thousand three hundred feet above the sea, Castle Mountain was seen ahead, a sheer precipice five thousand feet high, surmounted with turrets, bastions, and battlements complete, and partly snow-capped.

At the summit we passed by a small lake called Summit Lake, in which were vividly reflected the surrounding mountains. About half a mile east of this point, the water, as it trickled down the mountain side and entered the ditch on the side of the road, could be seen to divide, part running to the east and part to the west. From here our descent was rapid, as we crossed the deep gorge of the Kicking Horse. Here the scenery is sublime, even terrible. Looking off to the north you behold one of the grandest mountain valleys in the world, stretching far away in the distance, with great white glacier-bound peaks on either side. On the left of the track you see the double head of Mount Stephen, eight thousand feet above the valley, and get an occasional glimpse of Cathedral Mountain.

The grade from the summit is so steep and perilous at this point that a heavy consolidation engine was put on ahead of our locomotive, and we were taken down at a speed of not over ten miles an hour. Every mile or so there is a switch to a track leading up the mountain side ; in case anything should occur to make the train unmanageable, a switchman

MOUNT STEPHEN, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

stands ready to open the switch, stop the train in its downward course, and send it up-hill, where it would soon stop. At Field, at the foot of Mount Stephen, is an excellent hotel managed by the railway company. It is a favorite stopping-place for sportsmen. Rocky Mountain sheep, goat, and grizzly bears are to be found in large numbers in these mountains. We remained here a few moments, and the writer took a view of our train, with Mount Field in the distance; an attempt was made to take it with Mount Stephen in the distance, but the latter acclivity was too high.

Leaving Field we crossed the Otter Tail River, then the Beaverfoot at the left. The Otter Tail Mountains rise abruptly to an immense height, while to the south, to an immeasurable distance, the Beaverfoot Mountains can be seen. The river and railway here enter the Kicking Horse Canyon, which rapidly deepens, the walls, an easy stone's throw from either side, rising vertically thousands of feet. The railway runs for twelve miles down this grand chasm, now crossing over to ledges cut out of the solid rock, twisting and turning in every

direction, while towering cliffs almost shut out the sunlight, and the roar of the river and cars is increased a hundredfold by the echoing walls, until the train, running out into a valley, suddenly emerges into daylight.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOUNTAINS AND GORGES ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

AFTER we passed through the Kicking Horse Canyon and entered the valley we saw before us the Columbia River, a stream of great width, moving northward, and obtained our first glimpse of the celebrated and long-looked-for Selkirks, which had so often been the subject of our conversation, and which we had long been anxious to see. Our expectations in regard to their grandeur were not to be disappointed, for on the day we saw them they presented a noble appearance, as they seemed to rise from their forest-clad bases, and lifted their ice-capped heads high into the sky above. In form they are simply incomparable, and as they stood there in their matchless majesty, bathed in the glow and warmth of the afternoon sun, they called forth expressions of the

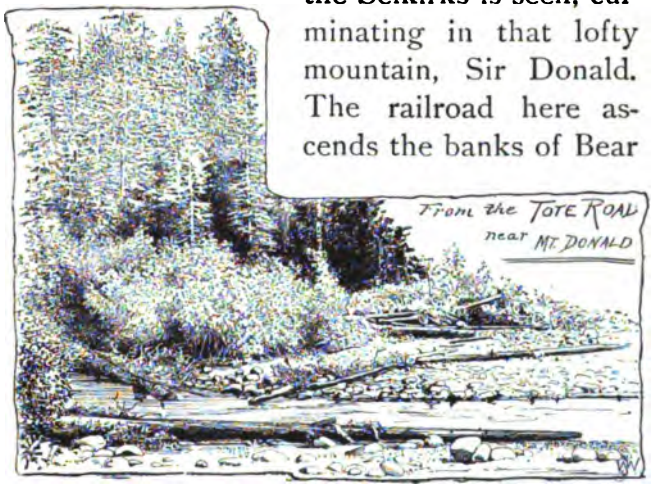
highest admiration from every member of the party.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is divided into four divisions—the Eastern, the Ontario and Atlantic, the Western, and the Pacific. At Donald, which is the beginning of the Pacific Division, we changed engines, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Marpole, the Division Superintendent of the road. Here, too, we were compelled to bid good-by to our friend Mr. Niblock, who had accompanied our party from Swift Current, and had kindly given us details and descriptions of the scenes through which we had passed, and which, in some measure, and it is feared but imperfectly, have been transferred to these pages.

Donald is charmingly situated on the Columbia River, within the very shadow of the Selkirks. The headquarters of the mountain division is located here, with the repair shops, etc. At this point the traveller changes to "Pacific time" — the time goes back one hour.

Leaving Donald we crossed the Columbia River and entered the Selkirks, going up Beaver River and crossing it on the right side

of the mountain. The ascent was commenced at Bear Creek, one thousand feet above Beaver River. At this point a magnificent view is had of Beaver Valley, which extends off to the south until it is finally lost in the mountains. From here a long line of the higher peaks of the Selkirks is seen, culminating in that lofty mountain, Sir Donald. The railroad here ascends the banks of Bear



From the Tote Road near Mt. Donald

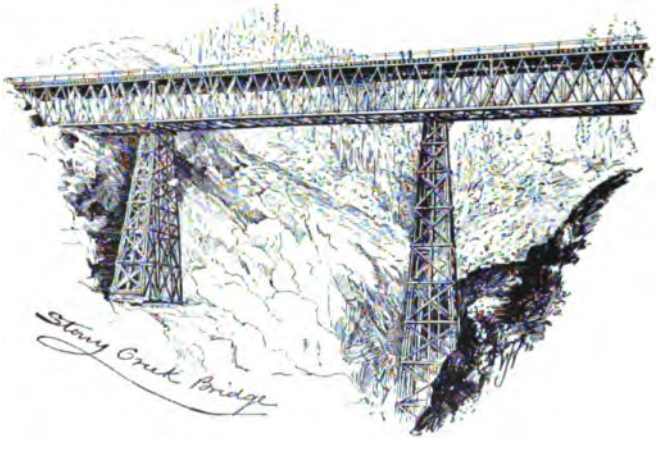
Creek at a grade of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile.

The construction of this part of the road is a triumph of engineering skill; many narrow gorges in the mountain side, the pathways of avalanches, had to have the bridges over them protected. The most noticeable of these

bridges was the Stony Creek bridge, the highest structure of the kind in the world, the distance below the rails being two hundred and ninety-five feet. We found, upon inquiry, that the great difficulties of the railway company from snow in the winter season occur from Bear Creek and the Summit, and a similar distance down on the other side. These bridges are protected by heavy logs, built in the shape of angular piers, and so placed in the gorge as to break the slide of snow and subdivide it; in that way its force is lessened, and it is guided away under the bridges. The snow-sheds, which we entered not far from here, cost the company over $3,000,000. They are open on the side for the purpose of admitting the light, and are completely equipped with hose, etc., to be used in case of fire, and are guarded by men day and night. These sheds are built of heavy squared cedar timber, dove-tailed and bolted together, backed with rock, and fitted into the mountain side in such a manner as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanche.

As we ascend the mountain, Bear Creek is gradually compressed, by Mount Macdonald on the left and the Hermit on the right, into

one narrow deep ravine, which forms a contracted portal to Rogers' Pass at the summit. As our train emerged from the snow-sheds, Mount Macdonald was seen towering a mile and a quarter above the railway to an almost vertical height, its numberless pinnacles piercing the very zenith. As Mr. Van Horne says



in describing the scene: "Its base is but a stone's throw distant, and it is so sheer, so bare and stupendous, and yet so near, that one is overawed by a sense of immensity and mighty grandeur. This is the climax of mountain scenery. In passing before the face of this gigantic precipice, the line clings

to the base of Hermit Mountain, and, as the station at Rogers' Pass is neared, its clustered spires appear, facing those of Mount Macdonald, and nearly as high. These two matchless mountains were once apparently united, but some great convulsion of nature has split them asunder, leaving barely room for the railway."

This pass was named after Major A. B. Rogers, by whose adventurous energy it was discovered in 1883; previous to that time no human foot had ever been planted on the summit of this great central range. The pass lies between two lines of huge snow-clad peaks. The pass on the north side forms a prodigious amphitheatre, under whose parapet, seven or eight thousand feet above the valley, half a dozen glaciers may be seen at once, and so near that their shining green fissures are distinctly visible. The changing effects of light and shadow on this brotherhood of peaks, of which The Hermit and Macdonald are the chiefs, can never be forgotten by the fortunate traveller who has seen the sunset or the sunrise tinting their battlements, or has looked up from the green valley at a snow-storm, trailing its white curtain along their crests, with perchance a snowy

peak or two standing serene above the harmless cloud. The line of peaks connecting Macdonald with Sir Donald stretches to the south, their rear slopes having been visible in ascending the Beaver. This pass-valley has been reserved by the government as a national park.

Leaving Selkirk Summit, the road commences to descend the mountains, and off to the right is seen, for many miles far below, the deep valley of the Illicilliwaet, which makes its way westward, following a devious

course through the mountains. The line of the railroad can easily be traced, until it finally reaches the bottom of the valley by a series of extraordinary curves, doubling upon itself again and again. Some views of this portion of the road are given.

Directly ahead is seen the Great Glacier of the Selkirks, a vast plateau of sloping ice, extending as far into the mountains as the eye can reach. It is claimed by the Pacific Railway people that this glacier is as large as all the glaciers in Switzerland combined.

We passed in front of the snow-sheds on an outer track, which is provided so that travellers may view the scenery in summer, and arrived at Glacier Station. The train remained at the station about half an hour, and, as we did not have time enough to visit the Great Glacier, our party all left the train and took a stroll in the woods. The hotel here is a very handsome building, after the Swiss chalet style, and is owned and managed by the railroad company. It serves not only as a dining-room for passengers, but also as a pleasant summer resort for sportsmen and tourists. Owing to the heavy grades here, and all through the mountains, the dining-cars are

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION AND
MOUNT DONALD GLACIER.

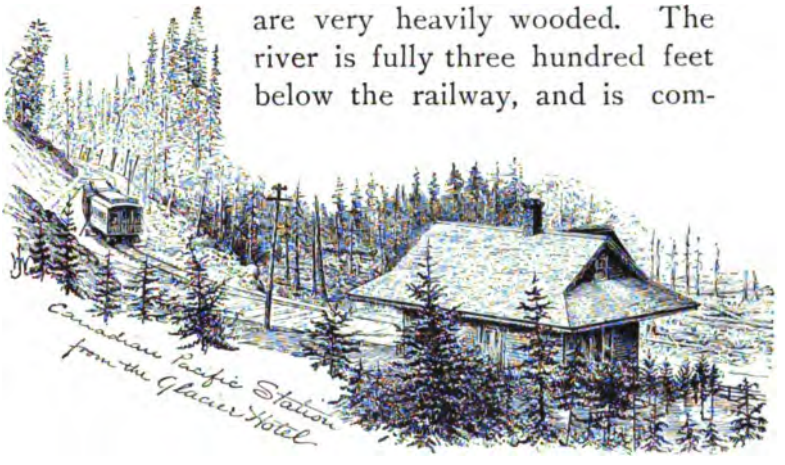
not run on the through trains, as they make the trains too heavy; but the railroad company have provided, at proper distances and at the most interesting and convenient places where the scenery is the finest, comfortable hotels, where passengers are able to get an excellent dinner, the trains stopping at such stations between one half and three quarters of an hour. Passengers are also allowed to remain two or three days at a station, or lie over for a train. The Great Glacier is about half a mile distant from the hotel, and only a hundred feet above the level of the building; a good path has been made to it, so that its exploration is quite practicable and easy. The water for the fountain in front of the hotel is furnished by piping a stream coming out from the Great Glacier. This stream also furnishes water for the hotel and railroad. The agent of the hotel informed us that game is very abundant in the mountains near by, the locality being especially celebrated for the big-horn sheep or mountain goat; Canada bears are also killed here during the season. Elk, deer, and other game, however, are not found at quite such altitudes. A tame Canada bear was chained to the piazza of the hotel; he

had been caught in the mountains five months before we saw him, and his antics furnished considerable amusement to passengers during their stop at the station.

Leaving the Glacier House, the road makes a rapid descent to the celebrated loop of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The line makes several startling curves and twists, crosses the valley, then doubles back to the right a mile or more to within a stone's throw of the track, then, sweeping around, crosses the valley again, and at last continues down the dell parallel with its former course. On looking back, the railroad track is seen on the mountain side, cutting two long parallel gashes in the mountain, one above the other; far to the left, and still higher above on the other side of the valley, is seen the giant snow-shed, just below the summit near Rogers' Pass.

At Illicilliwaet we crossed for the first time the Illicilliwaet River. The stream is very small here, but the water is exceedingly turbulent and of a pea-green color, caused by glacial mud, but it rapidly clarifies; its source is said to be in the interior of the Great Glacier. The scenery is very wild, as the gorge through which the river runs is very deep at places, and filled

with the gigantic forest-trees for which British Columbia is justly noted. At Albert Canyon the train often runs along the brink of several remarkably deep fissures in the solid rock, the walls of which, on each side, rise to a height of one hundred feet, and at the top are very heavily wooded. The river is fully three hundred feet below the railway, and is com-



pressed into a boiling flume not more than twenty feet wide. We had our train stop here for a few minutes, while we walked up and down the track viewing this truly remarkable freak of nature. The depth of the water must be very great, as the gorge through which it flows is very narrow, and the volume of water flowing through it is enormous.

At Revelstoke, a railway divisional point on the Columbia River, we changed engines. We had seen the Columbia River on the other side of the Selkirks at Donald; since then it had made a detour around the northern extremity of the Selkirks, while the course of the railroad is directly across the mountains. At this point the river is not only larger, but is one thousand and fifty feet lower down, than at Donald. From this point it is navigable southward some two hundred miles, down to the United States boundary, where it expands into a number of lakes, around which there is said to be a beautiful and fertile country, where opportunities for sport are also unlimited. According to the railway officials this country has been rarely visited by sportsmen; miners are about the only people who have ever penetrated its unknown recesses. Kootenay Lake and Valley are both reached from this point.

After leaving Revelstoke we crossed the Columbia River upon a bridge about half a mile long, and entered another range of mountains by Eagle Pass. The railway officials call particular attention to this pass, which is so deep-cut and direct that it seems to have

been purposely provided for the railway in compensation, perhaps, for the enormous difficulties the engineers had to overcome in the Rockies and the Selkirks. The highest point the railway is compelled to reach in crossing this range is only five hundred and twenty-five feet above the Columbia. At the summit four

beautiful lakes are passed in quick succcession, each one occupying the entire width of the valley, and forcing the railway on the mountain side in order to pass them. This valley is filled with a dense growth of immense trees, indigenous to this coast—spruce, Douglas fir, hemlock, cedar, balsam, and many other varieties.

At Craigellachie, twenty-eight miles from Revelstoke, the last spike was driven in the Canadian Pacific Railway on the 7th of November, 1885, the railroads from the east and west meeting here. At Sicamous, situated on the great Shuswap lakes, we reached what is said to be the centre of one of the best sporting regions on the Canadian Pacific line. Northward, within a day's journey, caribou are said to be very abundant. Within thirty miles to the south the deer-shooting is probably unequalled on this continent, and the lakes are celebrated for their large trout.

The London *Times* has well described this part of the line: "The Eagle River leads us down to the Great Shuswap Lake, so named from the Indian tribe that lived on its banks, and who still have a 'reserve' there. This is a most remarkable body of water. It lies among the mountain ridges, and consequently extends its long narrow arms along the intervening valleys like a huge octopus in half-a-dozen directions. These arms are many miles long, and vary from a few hundred yards to two or three miles in breadth, and their high, bold shores, fringed by the little narrow beach of sand and pebbles, with alternating bays and

capes, give beautiful views. The railway crosses one of these arms by a drawbridge at Sicamous Narrows, and then goes for a long distance along the southern shores of the lake, running entirely around the end of the Salmon arm." Sicamous is the station for the Spallumsheen mining district and other regions up

the river and around Okanagan Lake, where there is a large setlement; steamboats ascend the river thirty miles, and a railway is proposed. "For fifty miles the line winds in and out the bending shores, while geese and ducks fly over the waters, and light and shadow play

upon the opposite banks. This lake, with its bordering slopes, gives a fine reminder of Scottish scenery. The railway in getting around it leads at different and many times towards every one of the thirty-two points of the compass. Leaving the Salmon arm of the lake rather than go a circuitous course around the mountains to reach the southwestern arm, the line strikes through the forest over the top of the intervening ridge [Notch Hill]. We come out at some 600 feet elevation above this 'arm,' and get a magnificent view across the lake, its winding shores on both sides of the long and narrow sheet of water stretching far on either hand, with high mountain ridges for the opposite background. The line gradually runs downhill until it reaches the level of the water, but here it has passed the lake, which has narrowed into the [south branch of the] Thompson River. Then the valley broadens, and the eye, that has been so accustomed to rocks and roughness and the uninhabited desolation of the mountains, is gladdened by the sight of grass, fenced fields, growing crops, hay-stacks, and good farm-houses on the level surface, while herds of cattle, sheep, and horses roam over the valley and bordering hills in large numbers. This is a ranching country, extend-

ing far into the mountain valleys west of the Gold Range on both sides of the railway, and is one of the garden spots of British Columbia. . . . The people are comparatively old settlers, having come in from the Pacific coast, and it does one's heart good, after having passed the rude little cabins and huts of the plains and mountains, to see their neat and trim cottages, with the evidences of thrift that are all around."

Many of our party compared the scenery around Shuswap Lake to the country about Lake George, but the landscape in the former locality is on a very much larger and grander scale.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM KAMLOOPS TO VANCOUVER.

We remained at Kamloops one night, that being a divisional point, and after changing engines early in the morning, we started for Vancouver.

Kamloops now has a population of about one thousand. It was settled years ago as a Hudson Bay post, and is the principal town in the Thompson River valley, and the largest that the traveller passes through until he arrives at Vancouver. The Thompson River is seen here; many steamboats ply up and down the stream, and we noticed a number of saw-mills along the shore. The Chinese are largely employed here to do the rougher sort of work. The grazing on the hills in the background is said to be very fine. Cattle are left out-of-doors all winter, the climate being very much milder than it is two or three hundred miles

westward. Kamloops is the supply point for the large ranching and mineral country to the south, which is reached by stage lines running semi-weekly from the town into the districts beyond.

Just after leaving Kamloops the river widens and forms Kamloops Lake. The railroad crosses to the southern shore, now entering a tunnel, now passing over a trestle, in a way to remind the traveller very much of the Delaware and Hudson road on the west shore of Lake Champlain. As the lake narrows into the river the railroad enters a series of tunnels. From this point to Port Moody on the Pacific coast the road was built by the Dominion Government and transferred to the railway company in 1886. While the road-bed of this section is very well built, the sides and slopes of the same are not fully protected, and the company are constantly troubled with landslides from above, and the sinking of the track from below, owing to the "quicksandy" nature of the soil. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company claim a million dollars or more from the government in order to make this portion of the road equal to the rest of their line. It certainly did appear to our party as a very inferior kind of

work compared with what we had seen on the part of the line we had travelled over. The scenery on this portion of the road and along the Thompson River is at first very wild and picturesque, but soon becomes exceedingly uninteresting. There is very little vegetation to be seen on either side of the river—nothing, in fact, but round-topped, treeless, and water-cut hills, the color of which varies from the richest yellow to a reddish-gray, or iron-ore, with here and there a few masses of olive-green color, caused by the scanty vegetation. Shortly after leaving Kamloops Lake, as the train went round a curve, where the bank overhung the track, and we were all standing on the platform, we were suddenly startled by a large bird which alighted near to us, and settled on the railing of the platform. We were so surprised that, for a few moments, we did not realize what it was; it proved to be a large partridge. Had any of us been quick enough we might have caught it without any trouble; as it was, when we attempted to catch it, it flew off into the brush. We stopped the train, and getting our shot-guns started in pursuit, thinking that there might be other game in the neighborhood, which would have proved a very

palatable addition to our larder. We had no success, however, though the little incident afforded us considerable diversion.

At Lytton, at the confluence of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, the scenery is very grand. Six miles below here our train crossed the Fraser River, a steel cantilever bridge being at that point. The scenery here became wilder as the gorge deepened and the size of the river increased. The banks were steep and rugged, their tops covered with a dense growth of trees. The old government road continues along the Fraser River, twisting and turning about, now passing under the railroad, then along by its side, sometimes many hundred feet above the road until, at Cisco, it is forced to the height of over one thousand feet above the river. It is said that the width of the road here is not sufficient to allow two teams to pass, and that it is held in place by iron rods, or bridge-trusses, inserted in the mountain side.

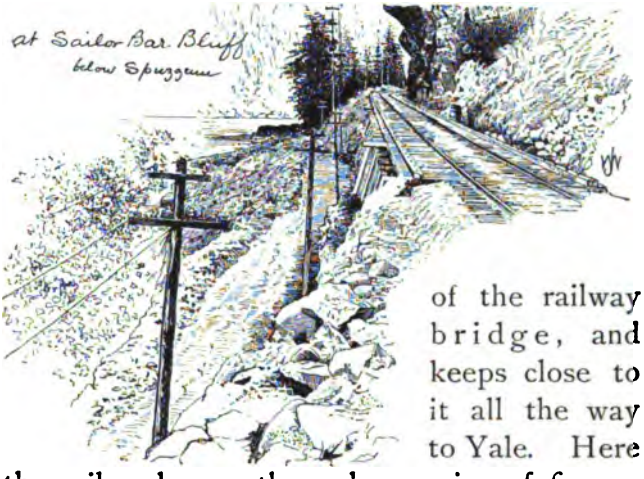
Mr. Marpole informed us that it was not uncommon to see Indians on the projecting rocks down at the water's edge spearing salmon, or capturing them with scoop-nets; the salmon are dried on poles and sold to

Chinamen. Along the river on the sandy channel piers Chinamen and Indians are occasionally seen washing for gold, and many of the inhabitants on the banks of the stream gain their subsistence from what little gold they find in washing the gravel. They are a lazy, thriftless class of people, washing for gold two or three days in the week, and living on the proceeds for the remainder of the time.

This road was originally built by the government of Columbia for the convenience of miners above Lytton, where enormous quantities of gold were originally taken out by washing. At North Bend we stopped to change engines, and all the party got off the train and visited the hotel, which is owned by the railroad company; here we saw another tame brown Canadian bear, which afforded the children great amusement. During the day we stopped the train at many points along the Fraser River, where the line crosses large canyons, on trestles. The scenery from North Bend to Yale, twenty-six miles, has been described as not only intensely interesting, but startling, even "ferocious." The volume of water in the river being so large,

and the walls at the sides coming out close together, the stream is compressed into a roaring torrent.

At Spuzzum the government road crosses the chasm by a suspension bridge, at the side



of the railway bridge, and keeps close to it all the way to Yale. Here the railroad runs through a series of five or six tunnels.

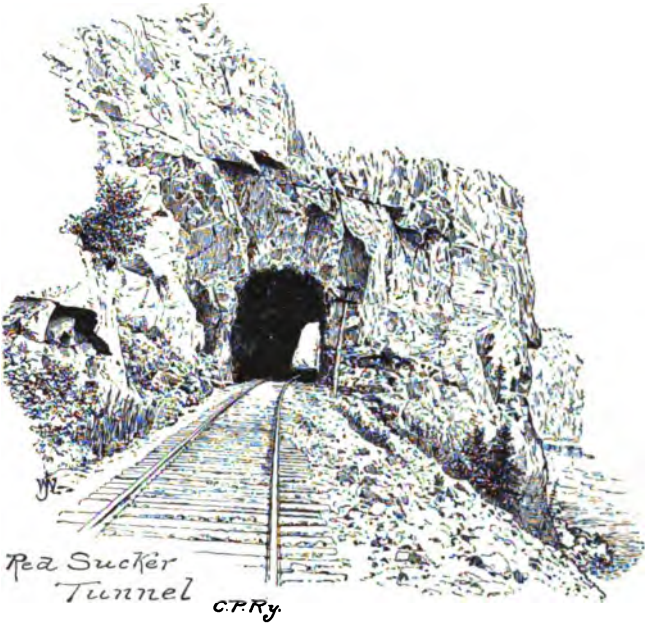
It should be stated that this government road has been rendered almost absolutely valueless for wagons, from the fact that, wherever the railroad crosses it, no means have been provided for passing the road, either above or around the railway; pack-trains can now cross, but they are compelled

to climb steep trails in order to get around these places.

Yale is at the head of navigation on the Fraser River. At New Westminster Junction there is a branch line to the important town of New Westminster, a town of some five thousand inhabitants, on the Fraser River, about eight miles distant. When we passed through here, this road was being constructed to Seattle, and it was expected that before long through connection by rail could be had with that town.

We reached Port Moody, at the head of Burrard Inlet, about two o'clock on the afternoon of May 17th. At one time this was the last station of the railroad, and, on that account, was quite a settlement; but it is now very much dilapidated and run down, owing to the terminus having been removed to Vancouver. As the railroad sweeps down here to the shore, we could once more see the Pacific coast and salt water, an outlook which was truly refreshing after such a continuous stretch of mountain scenery. Snow-tipped mountains were to be seen on the other side of the inlet, beautiful in outline and color, especially so on the afternoon when we saw them in the sunlight. Here and there, at intervals, on the opposite coast,

saw-mills and villages were to be seen. At one or two of the villages there were ocean steam-ships at the wharves being loaded with



the celebrated Douglas fir, which is sent to all parts of the world. These trees are found twenty, thirty, and even forty feet in circumference.

Our speed on this particular day was necessarily slow, owing to the fact that this section of the road is considered very dangerous, and

is about the only part on which any accidents ever occur; at one moment the road-bed overhangs the river, on trestle-work or embankment, and the next moment enters a short tunnel, only to reappear again on another trestle.

After our arrival at Vancouver, Mr. Harry Abbott, the General Superintendent of the western end of the road, called upon us with his wife, and extended to us the courtesies of the road at this terminus.

On the morning after our arrival we took a carriage and drove over the town, going through the new park, which promises some day to be one of the wonders of the coast. The trees here are enormous, and the growth might be called a primeval forest, which it really is, with the underbrush taken out.

Vancouver, the Pacific terminus of the railway, is comparatively a new town, and reminds one of the growth of such Western towns as Duluth or Great Falls. Until May, 1886, its present site was covered with a dense forest. The following July a severe fire swept away every house in the place but one; all the buildings now standing have been erected since that date. The hotels, business blocks, and residences are of the most approved architecture,

ROADWAY IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

and would be a credit to any city in the United States. Large and extensive wharves have been built by the railroad company and private corporations, and the town promises to develop into one of the future cities of the Pacific coast. The paved streets are well laid out, and lighted with electricity. A plentiful supply of pure water is brought through large pipes, laid across the harbor, from a spring in the mountains on the other side of the sound. The country to the south of Vancouver has many fine farms, and is said to be well adapted to fruit-growing. Many parties remain here for the shooting and fishing, both of which are excellent, and can be had by making short excursions into the mountains towards the north. A regular line of steamers leaves Vancouver every day for Victoria, fortnightly for Japan, Yokohama, and Hong-Kong, and twice a week for Seattle, Tacoma, and other Puget Sound ports. The city is beautifully located on a slight eminence, overlooking the sound, with Burrard Inlet on the north.

About one o'clock on the afternoon of May 18th, the *Islander*, which had been engaged for our party, steamed into the harbor, having just come from Victoria in the morning. This

vessel was a twin propeller boat, two hundred and forty feet in length, forty-two feet beam, and sixteen feet draught, with tremendous power, and was capable of making about nineteen miles an hour. Captain John Irving, the manager of the line, had charge of the vessel, and our pilot for Alaskan waters was the veteran Captain Carroll, the most celebrated pilot on the Pacific coast, who was one of the pioneers, and had made one hundred and seventy trips to Alaska. He had become very wealthy, and was largely interested in mines, etc. We had also a very old pilot, an employé of the steamship company; from the nautical point of view we considered ourselves very well provided for. The accommodations for passengers were ample; the boat had about one hundred state-rooms, the manager's room being large and roomy, and the other apartments very comfortable.

The greater part of the afternoon was occupied in placing our baggage aboard and in getting thoroughly and comfortably settled. About half-past four o'clock we cast off from the wharf and started on our trip to Alaska. The weather was all that could be desired, neither too warm nor too cold, bright and

sunny, and a fair omen of the journey we were about to make.

We took the cooks and stewards with us, and left the rest of the crew on the train. The weather was so fine that we were able to sit on the upper deck until dinner-time and at ten o'clock at night it was light enough for us to read a newspaper on deck. The view of Mount Baker, with its snow-capped peak, in the distance about sunset, was magnificent.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN ALASKAN WATERS.

On the night of the 18th we sailed through Discovery Passage, where at places there is hardly room for two steamers to pass each other, and mountains rise up abruptly on each side. At half-past nine on the morning of the 19th we reached Alert Bay, and from there steamed on northward, passing the north end of Vancouver Island, out into Queen Charlotte Sound. Although the wind was blowing lightly at the time there was quite a heavy swell; it took us only two hours, however, to go across. We then entered Fitzhugh Sound, passing Calvert Island and Hunt Islands. On reaching the end of the channel we left Burke Channel on our right, and went through the Lama Passage, passing between Campbell and Lendenny islands, where the scenery was very fine.

INDIAN RIVER CANYON, FROM "PINTA" ANCHORAGE.

About a quarter before six we arrived at Bella Bella and anchored for the night; this is a small fishing village on Campbell Island. The scenery here was remarkably grand and bold, the passage, in many places, not being an eighth of a mile wide, though the water reaches a depth of from one hundred and thirty-one to one hundred and fifty fathoms. After supper one of the quarter boats was lowered and Dr. McLane, with two or three of our party, went ashore to call on the agent of the Hudson Bay Company and the missionary. We found that the agent was absent at Vancouver and the missionary was making a visit to the interior. Bella Bella consists of some forty or fifty log-huts occupied by Indians, who gain their subsistence principally by fishing. We were informed that most of the male inhabitants were at work at the canneries, and there were not over five or six men remaining in the village.

While crossing Milbank Sound the next morning, we felt the motion of the sea quite considerably. It commenced raining in the morning and rained nearly all day. Passing north of Milbank Sound we took the western passage between Swindle and Cone islands,

passing nearly through Tolmine Channel, Graham Reach, Fraser Reach, leaving Princess Royal Island on our left. Nearly all the morning, on our right, we passed large water passages, or reaches, up which we could look many miles and see that they were lined on either side by very high and precipitous mountains, perhaps not a quarter of a mile apart. All the information the captain could give us about these narrow waters was that they were unexplored, and there was no telling how far inland they might extend.

Passing through McKay Reach, we entered Wright Sound. On our right were Douglas Channel and Verney Passage; both these waters have been somewhat explored, and extend for many miles back into the country. The mountains on both sides of these passages are, according to the government chart, from three to five thousand feet high, but, in point of fact, many of these waters have not been explored to any great distance.

Sailing from Wright Sound and going north, we passed through Grenville Channel, leaving Pitt Island on our left and the Countess of Dufferin range of mountains on our right. The mountains on each side of this channel

are about three thousand feet high, and are very heavily timbered with evergreens. The scenery was picturesque in the extreme.

In the afternoon we passed through the Arthur Passage (Kennedy Island being on our right), and through Chatham Sound. As we passed through the sound the weather commenced to clear, and before long the sun came out. Bearing to our right we arrived at Port Simpson at half-past six o'clock. This is a Hudson Bay post, the last English post before entering Alaska, and we found it to be one of the most interesting we had seen for some time. The Hudson Bay Company's agent, whom we met, was a very genial person; he invited us up to the company's store, and showed us all over the premises. The main store is built of logs, and was constructed some sixty years ago; part of the old stockade is still standing, and on one corner of it, up in the air, is one of the old turrets, the sides having slits for musketry, which were to be used by the occupants to defend themselves against the Indians. The old powder magazine was built of stone, and is now used by the Hudson Bay officer for a dairy.

The agent had all sorts of goods in his

store. We bought some Winchester rifle cartridges, of which we were a little short, and some very old-fashioned spoons carved out of horn. We looked over a stock of skins and furs, but did not buy any. The steward took this opportunity to lay in a supply of fresh milk and eggs.

The agent told us that the climate in this section is exceedingly agreeable throughout the year, although the place is in the latitude of 54° 35′; he said that the flowers in his garden blossomed in January. Everything surrounding the company's store was in the most admirable order; the stockade and buildings were all neatly whitewashed, the grass carefully trimmed, and the walks free from weeds. At one time Port Simpson was one of the most important posts of the Hudson Bay Company, but of late years it has become a very insignificant place. The Indian village outside of the walls of the post is very small, and in a very poor and needy condition.

The prices paid for furs by the Hudson Bay Company are, of course, higher now than they were some twenty or thirty years ago, and the profits on them are very much less. On the other hand, it must be taken into considera-

tion that it was formerly necessary to keep at least six or ten armed men here all the time to defend the post against the Indians; and further, that supplies can be landed here now at one tenth of the price charged for them thirty years ago. The agent told us that he thought the company made as much out of the post as formerly, owing to the decreased cost of running the station, which he believed more than offset the lower price obtained for the furs.

About half-past three o'clock on the morning of May 21st we left Port Simpson and entered upon the Alaskan Territory, passing on our left Annette and Gravina islands. In the afternoon we entered Wrangel Narrows, leaving on our right, some thirty miles away, Fort Wrangel, on Wrangel Island. This was one of the prettiest spots we had yet seen. The hills on either side of the Narrows were not so remarkably high, but the shores were exceedingly picturesque, and looked as though they were covered with a great deal of vegetation. There is thick, rich, green grass on both sides, above high-water mark. We saw here a great many ducks and geese, and a countless number of eagles. After passing through Wrangel Narrows, we entered Frederick

Sound, a beautiful sheet of water, and on our right saw, for the first time, Patterson's Glacier, and also a large amount of floating ice. It was about dark when we passed this glacier. No one point in all our journey through this Sitkan Archipelago seemed invested by nature with so much grandeur as Prince Frederick Sound. Here the mountains of the mainland run down abruptly to the water. The scenery in this wilderness of Lower Alaska was certainly unique and unrivalled. At one time our ship was in a lake, at another in a river, and then in a canal, with walls towering above us right and left to an almost dizzy height, and channels running off into unknown and unexplored regions. And yet, upon this vast expanse of water a sail or boat rarely is seen. There is a deathly stillness, interrupted now and then by the screech of an eagle, or the flight of ducks frightened at the approach of the vessel. At the head of these channels are countless ravines and canyons filled with glaciers, from which pieces are constantly broken every day. It is estimated that there are five thousand individual glaciers in Alaska, from which, constantly, pieces are broken and silently find their way down to the sea.

On the morning of May 22d we woke as the boat was about entering Peril Straits, an intricate part of the waters to navigate, but pretty well buoyed out. The scenery from here to Sitka, where we arrived about half-past nine o'clock in the morning, was exceedingly fine. This place, the capital of Alaska, is an old Russian settlement, and was, at one time, a prosperous and lively town; at present it has the appearance of a half-sleepy, indolent village, giving one the impression of general decay. As the boat nears the wharf a cluster of buildings is seen to the right; the buildings are the Castle, the Custom-house, and Barracks. This Castle of Barranore was once celebrated for the lavish hospitality of its occupants,—elegant dinners and extravagant balls; to-day it is a dilapidated-looking building of large size. Notwithstanding its absolute neglect and abandonment to decay and ruin, it was so substantially built that it will be years before it will disappear entirely. All Americans who travel in this section wonder why our government does not put it in repair, and use it for the government headquarters, as such a building is badly needed. The Castle is one hundred and forty by seventy feet, and

is three stories high. As a rule, the United States keeps a war vessel here during the summer months; at the time of our visit she was at Mare Island Navy Yard undergoing repairs, and Lieutenant Turner was in charge of the forty marines, who were temporarily located in the old barracks.

Alaska has been in the possession of the United States since October 18, 1867. The country was bought through negotiations carried on by William H. Seward, who was at that time Secretary of State. The wits of the period made merry over the acquisition, just as wits in former days made merry over our acquisition of Louisiana and Florida. Secretary Seward justified his action on the ground of the new country's natural wealth in timber, fisheries, minerals, and fur-bearing animals; also on the ground that it would neutralize the power of Great Britain in the North Pacific and render the annexation of British Columbia possible in the future. "Alaska," said he, "may not be so valuable as we deem it; but you cannot deny the value of the gold regions of the Cariboo country and Fraser River, the coal mines of Vancouver's and Queen Charlotte's islands, and the unrestricted possession

of the magnificent Straits of Fuca. All these, following manifest destiny, will be ours in time; besides," said he, "we owe a deep debt of gratitude to Russia for her unvarying friendship through long years, and for her kindly sympathy during the sorest of our national trials—the great rebellion." The sum of $7,200,000 was paid for Alaska, and it is estimated that the few mines near Juneau are worth more than that sum to-day.

The Governer of Alaska, Hon. A. P. Swineford, has made interesting reports in regard to the resources and prospects of this new and remarkable country. He says that two years ago the population was estimated at about fifty thousand inhabitants; of this number thirty-five thousand were classed as wholly uncivilized. Very little has been accomplished in the way of agricultural development. Here and there a ranch has been started for the growing of root-crops, while in nearly all the settlements vegetable gardens are maintained with very little labor. There are large areas of excellent grazing lands in the Territory, but very little has been done in the way of stock-raising. At nearly all the settlements on the Kodiak Islands and in Cook's Inlet white and creole

people keep cows and make their own butter; the Governor sees no reason, except the absence of a market, why Alaska might not rival Montana or Wyoming in the raising of stock. The great island of Kodiak comprises a geographical area of about five thousand square miles. Considerable progress has been made in the development of the mineral resources of the Territory. There is a large stamp-mill on Douglas Island, the largest plant of the kind in the world, its output of gold bullion being estimated at not less than $150,000 per month. New discoveries of valuable mines are constantly being made, especially in Southeastern Alaska.

It is pretty well established that other minerals besides gold and silver are abundant in various parts of the Territory. A large vein of very rich copper ore has been found on Kodiak Island, and large bodies of the same metal in its native state are known to exist on Copper River. Petroleum is found in different sections, while at Cape Prince of Wales, the most westerly point of the continent, there is a plentiful supply of graphite in the adjoining mountains. Amber exists in large quantities, and sulphur is found in connection with

the numerous volcanic peaks and extinct craters. Discoveries of iron, cinnabar, and mica are recorded. Marble abounds; there is every evidence of the existence of valuable slate beds; fire-clay is found in connection with the coal seams; and kaolin is among the discoveries reported. There is said to be coal enough in Alaska, and of the very best quality, to supply the wants of the whole of the Pacific slope for centuries, and it is prophesied that the time will soon come when the product of her mines will find other and wider markets than those of the Pacific coast alone. There are vast forests of valuable timber in the back country, but there are not more than half-a-dozen saw-mills engaged in cutting lumber, and they only partially supply the local demand.

The fisheries of Alaska form an important industry. There are seventeen salmon canneries in operation, some of them very large establishments, and nearly all having salting houses in connection. The codfishing fleet is steadily increasing, and halibut is being sent to Eastern cities in refrigerator cars. In 1888 twelve thousand tons of salmon were prepared for the market. The fur trade is also an important industry.

There are thirteen public schools in the Territory, located respectively at the principal towns, and the Industrial Training School at Sitka is in a very flourishing condition, though not accomplishing, it is said, all that might reasonably be expected; the boys are taught carpentry and cabinet-, boot-, and shoe-making, while the girls are instructed in housekeeping, sewing, knitting, cooking, and dressmaking.

The average rainfall in Sitka and its immediate neighborhood is about forty-eight inches; about one third of the year there is no rain. The weather is not very cold in winter, the thermometer rarely reaching zero on the coast. The mean temperature for the year is about forty-four degrees. January and February have the lowest record—29° 2′; August highest—56° 4′. Ice rarely forms to a thickness of six inches, and yet in summer the weather is not warm enough to ripen any grain. The months of June and July are generally clear, dry, and free from rain. The fall and spring are the rainy seasons. The comparatively mild temperature in this high latitude is accounted for by the existence of a great current of warm water, resembling our Gulf Stream, which, sweeping along the coasts of Japan and Asia

to the northeast, crosses the Pacific, and washes the northwest coast of America as far down as the Bay of Panama, where it again diverges to the westward and forms the great equatorial current of the Pacific.

At the head of Cross Sound are five large glaciers that are formed far back in the country on the slopes of Mount Fairweather and Mount Crillon, the former, 14,708 feet high, the latter 13,400.

The remarkable indentation and almost endless length of this coast, the thousand islands, the immense number of mountains, large and small, the maze of rivers through which the traveller passes, make this journey incomparable with any other which could be made. We had often heard about the wonders of a trip to Alaska, but were more than surprised at the remarkable character of the scenery we saw, especially the water-ways, which the writer has deemed worthy of being so fully described.

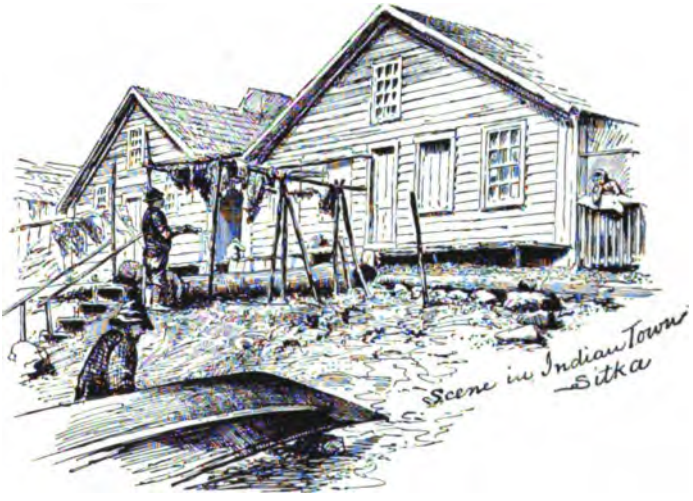
CHAPTER XX.

IN ALASKAN WATERS *(Concluded)*.

PROBABLY the most interesting feature of life in the vicinity of Sitka is the Indian village a short distance outside of the town; Lieutenant J. E. Turner was kind enough to show our party through this settlement, which was certainly very unique.

After entering an old gate we turned to the left and passed in front of a long row of cheaply built houses fronting on the beach, the canoes and fishing paraphernalia belonging to each hut being drawn up on the beach in front thereof. Each house is numbered, and the village is under the strict surveillance of an officer of the Navy. As we had found at Bella Bella, most of the Indians were off fishing or engaged in work at the canneries; in the winter, when they are all at home, the population numbers about eight hundred, and the town then presents quite a lively appearance.

It may be well to mention here a certain peculiar kind of fish which is quite plentiful in Alaskan waters; it is called the candle-fish, and is about the size of a smelt, which it resembles in appearance, being small and having



bright silvery skin and scales. It is caught by the Indians on bright moonlight nights. They use for this purpose a large rake, some six or seven feet long, with teeth of bone or sharp-pointed nails. This rake has a handle, and while one Indian paddles the canoe close to the "shoal of fish," the other sweeps the rake through the dense mass, bringing up gen-

erally three or four fish impaled on each tooth of the rake. The canoes are soon filled, and the contents being taken on shore, the squaws proceed to skewer the fish on long sticks, passing these sticks through the eyes until each one has as many as it will hold, when the whole are suspended in the thick, smoky atmosphere at the top of the hut, which dries and preserves the fish without salt, which is never used by the Indians.

When dry, the candle-fish are carefully packed away in boxes of dried bark. The traders of Port Simpson catch these fish in nets, salt and dry them in the usual manner practised by the whites; and when this is properly done no fish are more delicious than the candle-fish, the only trouble being that they are so rich that one soon tires of them.

To use them as candles, a piece of wick or dried pith is passed through the fish with a bodkin of hard wood, and the tail being inserted in a cleft-stick or junk-bottle, the wick is lighted. The fish burns with a clear, steady flame.

In point of wealth and power, after a few Indian chiefs, the most important person in the village is Mrs. Tom, a woman of great importance and influence among the natives.

INDIAN CHIEF'S GRAVE, ALASKA.

She is worth about $40,000, and, in that section of the country at least, is considered a wealthy woman. We made her a visit, and found her not only willing to exhibit to us her large collection of curiosities, but anxious to part with many of them for a proper pecuniary consideration. Her house consists of three rooms, one of them very large. At the time Lieutenant Turner and our party made our visit she was not presentable, but called out to us that we should amuse ourselves by looking over her furs until she could prepare her toilet. She was not long in making her appearance, when she opened her trunks, searched in various recesses, and brought forth any number of trinkets and curious articles, which she offered for sale. We made a number of purchases, including some very fine otter skins and a Chilcot blanket. We were told that she left the settlement for the Aleutian Islands every year in a large boat well stocked with provisions and articles that she knows will be appreciated by the Indians; these she trades away for rich furs and curiosities which she knows she can readily sell to the Americans who visit Sitka. These journeys sometimes keep her away for three months at a time.

Mrs. Tom's ideas of matrimony are certainly very liberal; she has almost any number of husbands, but rarely keeps one over two or three years, when she discharges him and purchases a new one. After we had made the purchases from her we requested her to send the articles to the steamer and we would pay the money to the husband who brought the package. She evidently had a very pessimistic opinion of man's honesty, for she quickly replied that, as the amount due was quite a large sum, she wished, if we had no objections, that we would pay her "cash down" on the spot, saying that she would feel easier than if she had to wait for one of her husbands to bring it back to her.

While this book is going through the press the writer has noticed some curious statements in a New York journal on the polyandrous women of Alaska. A member of an expedition that is surveying the boundary line between Alaska and Canada says that he has met tribes on the upper Yukon River where it is not uncommon for the women to have two or more husbands. This custom also prevails in Eastern Thibet and among the Mongols of the Tsaidam. It is accounted for

by the fact that, on account of the barren nature of the soil and the general poverty of the people the brothers in a family will agree to have only one wife among them; while one brother is absent on a trading journey another remains at home and looks after the live stock, the "mutual wife" managing the household. Among the Alaskan Eskimo a man is entitled to as many wives as he can get, but in parts of the country where women are scarce two or more men live in a hut with one woman. It is stated that polygamy is only practised among rich and prosperous savages, while polyandry is practised by the poorer peoples, from necessity rather than choice.

After lunch we stopped a few moments at Lieutenant Turner's rooms and then visited the Presbyterian Mission, where we saw the Shepard workshop, established by Mr. and Mrs. Shepard when they were here two years ago. We were much interested in the old Greek church. It is a rather gaudily decorated building, painted in green and gold after the Eastern fashion, with magnificent regalia and appointments for its rather lengthy but imposing service. Some of the old houses

presented a very quaint and time-worn appearance, being probably some hundreds of years old. While we were here the boys of the party had very good luck fishing off the bows of the boat, catching some very fine black bass and halibut. The fishing and deer-shooting in this vicinity are said to be very good.

The Russian-American Company, once such an important factor in Alaskan life, commenced its existence in 1799 and was formed on the same plan as the Hudson Bay Company; a body of Russian traders and merchants, however, had existed long before that date. Between 1812 and 1841 the Russians had settlements in California, at Ross and Bodega, and they named the principal stream in that part of the country Russian River. In the latter year Captain Sutter, the famous Californian, purchased the company's settlement for $30,000, which was finally abandoned when it was found more convenient to purchase from the Hudson Bay Company on Vancouver Island.

It is said that when the Russians occupied Sitka their houses were not models of cleanliness. Some of them were in the habit of

keeping poultry in the rooms over the sleeping-chamber, and as the little windows were never opened except at long intervals the odor was not very captivating. Pigs and

goats at that time were allowed to roam the streets at their own sweet will and took full advantage of their unrestricted liberty.

We left Sitka on the afternoon of the 22d of May. All the acquaintances we had made begged us to remain over until the next day, promising that they would arrange an Indian war-dance in the evening, but our time being limited we were obliged to take our departure. The mission band came down to the dock and gave us a serenade just before we sailed away. We ran until about dark, when we entered Peril Straits and anchored in Fish Bay for the night.

At three o'clock on the following morning, May 23d, we left Fish Bay in Peril Straits, passed through the rapids, and out into the open sound, bound for Glacier Bay. We went through Chatham Strait, leaving Admiralty Island on our right, going around Port Augusta, and passing by Port Frederick, Port Adolphus, and Bartlett. The waters in this region are totally unexplored. After we entered Chatham Strait bound for the north, Captain Carroll remained in the pilot-house, as there were no soundings, and he was the only man on board who had ever been through these waters before. We were constantly meeting large floes of ice, and the vessel had to cut through them. Some of the icebergs must

have been fully three or four hundred feet square, and of proportionate mass.

At this time the weather was extremely disagreeable; the wind was cold, and a fine mist was falling all the time. The climatic conditions, combined with the bleak-looking appearance of the country, devoid of all vegetation, was anything but cheerful, but it helped us to realize what a dreary and desolate journey a trip to the Arctic regions must be. As our vessel was built entirely of steel, we were, of course, obliged to exercise unusual care in sailing; if we had run on a rock, or into an iceberg, it would probably have made a hole in her, and sunk her at once. This was one of the first iron vessels that had ever been through these waters; Captain Carroll remarked, however, that he felt very much safer with a good wooden vessel, because in case she sprung a leak he would be able to patch it up. We had rain almost steadily from the time we started, though now and then the weather would clear up for an hour or so. As it was almost impossible to go out on deck, we were forced to amuse ourselves in the cabin by playing cards and backgammon for hours at a time.

In the afternoon, as we neared the Muir Glacier, we met large fields of floating ice. As we travelled towards the north the scenery changed entirely; there were no signs of vegetation to be seen, the whole surrounding country was one mass of rocks, while the waters were dotted with barren and desolate islands. We arrived at the Great Glacier about four o'clock in the afternoon. We ran up very close, then drifted back, and threw out anchor on the east shore. A boat was lowered, and some of the party went ashore, and walked up over the glacier. Pieces of this icy mountain were falling away repeatedly, the noise of their falling being similar to the sound of heavy artillery. During the whole of this particular afternoon there was not a period of five minutes during which we did not see or hear large pieces of ice falling, the masses being so large sometimes that they caused the vessel to rock.

We anchored at this point all night, leaving about half-past three o'clock the following morning, as soon as we could see. We travelled south to Ainsley Island; here, instead of going down through Chatham Strait, as we did when we came up, we turned around and went north, towards Lynn Channel, bear-

FLOATING ICE, NEAR MUIR GLACIER.

ing off sharply to our right round Admiralty Island, going through Stevens' Passage, then back again between Douglas Island and the mainland to Port Douglas. We arrived at Douglas about two o'clock in the afternoon. It had rained steadily all day, and we had not been able to see any of the mountains; at times the fog was dangerously thick.

After tying up at the wharf, our party went through the celebrated Treadwell Mine, which has the largest stamp-mill in the world; it is owned principally by Mr. D. O. Mills, and some gentlemen of San Francisco. We passed through a tunnel into the mountain, and entered the mine. The ore is all of a low grade, and is worth about ten dollars per ton. It is taken out by the use of Sargent drills worked by compressed air. The ore is quarried the same as any ordinary stone, after which it is all put into the crusher, and then into the stamp-mill.

We spent two hours in this mine, after which we went across to Juneau, where we were obliged to fill the tank of our steamer with water. We remained there until seven o'clock in the evening. Juneau enjoys the distinction of being one of the dirtiest towns we had yet

seen. The place was full of people, one hundred and sixty having arrived on the last trip of the *Ancon*, drawn to the locality on account of the great mining excitement which existed there at the time. Only a few days before we arrived, a party struck, about thirty miles south of the town, a rich silver ore, which assayed $160 per ton. While at Juneau, at the special request of a young lady in New York, who is much interested in the work, we called upon Miss Matthews, who is in charge of the Presbyterian Mission here. While making this call we saw a young bear cub in the street; we purchased it, and had it taken on board the boat, where it greatly amused the children.

We left the dock at half-past three in one of the heaviest rains we had so far seen. A short distance from here we passed Bishop's Point, and if we had had more time would have turned off into Taku Inlet, and sailed up to a very large glacier which is at the head of it. As we passed through Stevens' Passage we left Holcomb's Bay on our left. The old pilot we had on board told us that some twenty years ago, while he was sailing in this vicinity as mate on a vessel, the ship anchored

here one night and did some trading with the Indians. There was some misunderstanding between the captain and the chief of the tribe, and the captain, in some way, insulted the Indians. That night the savages boarded the ship, and taking possession, completely stripped her, the crew barely escaping with their lives.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of Saturday, May 25th, the clouds broke away as we were entering Prince Frederick Sound, coming through Stevens' Passage from Juneau. We here retraced our steps through Wrangel Narrows, and, after leaving the narrows, bore off to our left for Fort Wrangel. In the sunshine on this day the country looked beautiful, and it was the first opportunity we had had for many days to take a really good photograph.

On our arrival at Fort Wrangel, at half-past one, every one went ashore. The town consists of about forty or fifty Indian houses, two missions and stores, and two or three houses in which a few white people live. Fort Wrangel is chiefly celebrated for its totem poles, of which the accompanying sketch will give a very good idea, as it will also of the street and stores. We understood that there

was a large cannery about thirty miles north of this place, but we did not have time to visit it.

After spending an hour and a half on shore, we started on our way to Vancouver. The

bear which we obtained at Juneau proved to be a great source of pleasure to the children. He grew tame very rapidly, and became quite a pet.

Sunday, May 26th, was the first really pleasant day we had had since leaving Vancouver, more than a week before. As already stated, we had had an hour or two of sunlight at times, but this particular Sunday was lovely from beginning to end; there was not only an absence of rain, but the weather was so mild

that we were all able to sit on the deck throughout the entire day. On the same evening, however, as we were crossing Charlotte Sound, about half-way over, it began to rain very hard, and by eight o'clock it became so thick that we had difficulty in finding our way into the narrows beyond. We looked forward eagerly to our arrival at Vancouver the following day, as we expected to find there mail and telegrams; for the ten preceding days we had had no chance of receiving any communication from our friends.

CHAPTER XXI.

VICTORIA—WINNIPEG—HUNTING EXPERIENCES.

We arrived at Vancouver about five o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, May 27th, and found there a large number of mail-bags, telegrams, and packages awaiting us. We remained until eight o'clock, removing our spare baggage and attending to necessary correspondence, when we left for Victoria, which we reached, after a pleasant run, during the night.

After breakfast, in the morning, we went to the office of the Northern Pacific Express Company, and found there two lost mail-bags, which we should have received at Lake Pend d'Oreille. In the morning we took a drive around the town; in the afternoon some of the party took a steam launch and made a trip to Esquimalt and the English naval depot, while the rest drove over there in car-

riages. The roads on the island are excellent, being macadamized as they are in England. A number of English men-of-war are stationed here, among them some of the latest and most approved ironclads.

Victoria is the capital of British Columbia, and is in the southern part of Vancouver Island. From the city one has a fine view of the Olympia Mountains, just across the straits in Oregon, and, to the east, snow-capped Mount Baker. There is one railway on the island, and it leads to the mountains, the coal-fields, and to the harbor of Nanaimo. Fine deposits of anthracite coal are said to exist in the far interior of the western portion of the island. During the summer months a steamer leaves Victoria every two weeks for Alaska. The climate is much like that of the south of England.

On our return from Esquimalt we all met at the *Islander*, and through the courtesy of Captain Irving enjoyed a sail up the "Arm," a beautiful inlet from the sea, both shores of which are lined with handsome villas, occupied by wealthy residents of Victoria.

We returned to the boat in time for dinner, and immediately afterward started for Van-

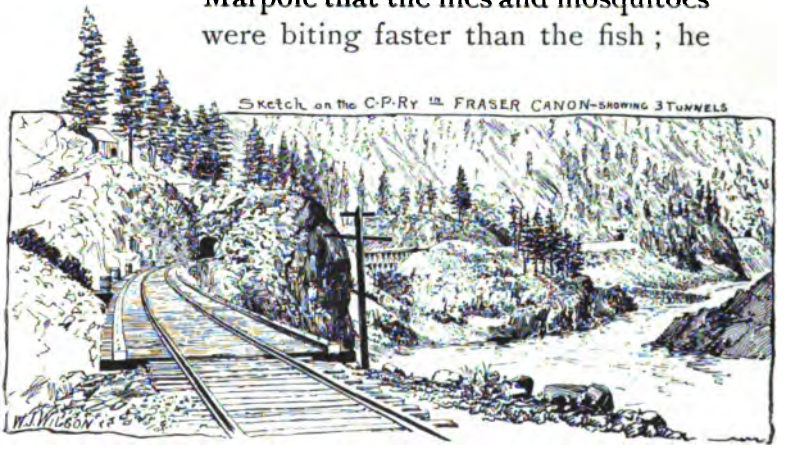
couver. Instead of following a direct route we ran around to Esquimalt Harbor, and sailed in among the English ironclads, thus getting a very good view of the fleet.

Our trip on the steamer *Islander* was charming and was thoroughly enjoyed, much of our pleasure being due to the kindness and courtesy of Captains Carroll and Irving, both of whom took special pains to describe the various points we visited. During the ten days we were on board the steamer, our life was comfortable in the extreme. There was no part of the boat which we were not welcome to visit, and most of the men, when not below with the ladies, spent the greater part of their time in Captain Irving's apartment, or in the pilot-house.

Although we thoroughly appreciated the grandeur, magnificence, and novelty of the scenery we had witnessed during our ten days in Alaskan waters, yet we were all quite agreed that, weird, strange, and grand though it might be, it did not begin to equal what we had seen on the Canadian Pacific road near Mount Stephen when we crossed the Rockies, or Mount Macdonald when we journeyed over the Selkirks.

On our return to Vancouver, on the morning of May 29th, we found our special train backed down upon the wharf, ready to receive us for our homeward trip. Everything was immediately transferred from the boat to the cars.

We had intended stopping over at Shuswap Lake to fish, but we received word from Mr. Marpole that the flies and mosquitoes were biting faster than the fish; he



informed us it would be better to continue directly to Banff.

Our train really looked better now than on the day we started from New York; the trucks of the cars had all been overhauled and painted. Mr. Abbott did all he possibly could for our comfort.

The ride up the Fraser River Canyon was extremely interesting ; the scenery seemed to be even more beautiful than it did the day we journeyed down. We arrived at the junction of the Thompson and Fraser rivers about three o'clock in the afternoon, and reached Kamloops Lake about seven o'clock, just as we were about sitting down to dinner. None of us before had realized what a beautiful sheet of water this is. We reached Kamloops about nine o'clock, where Mr. Marpole and his master mechanic met us.

As it rained very hard on the morning of May 30th, we abandoned our intention of going to the Glacier, and rode directly through to Banff. As we passed through we were unable to see Mount Macdonald owing to the fog and mist hanging over it ; but the scenery going up from Macdonald, alongside of the Kicking Horse Canyon to the summit underneath Mount Stephen, seemed to us even grander than it did on our outward trip. We arrived at Banff about four o'clock, where we took carriages and drove to the Hot Springs, and afterwards to the Hotel Banff, which is kept by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Here we had an excellent dinner, after which we

walked to the Bow River and then back to the cars in the evening.

Banff is a station for the Rocky Mountain Park of Canada. This park is twenty-six miles long, about ten wide, and embraces the valleys of the Bow, Spray, and Cascade rivers, Devil's-Head Lake, and many mountains beyond. The hotel here is kept by the railroad

company in the finest and most approved style. It was as good as any hotel we stopped at on our journey, almost equalling the hotel at Monterey. The building is beautifully located on the side of the mountain overlooking the Bow River Valley, is supplied with every modern convenience and luxury that one could wish for, and is kept open during the entire year.

Many excursions are made from here into the mountains by sportsmen, who can readily obtain the horses and camping outfits necessary for a two or three weeks' sojourn. The mountains surrounding Banff average in height from seven to ten thousand feet. Devil's-Head Lake is situated at the very foot of Fairholme Mountains, in the very heart of snow-capped mountains, its shores rising perpendicularly out of the water with little if any vegetation upon them. The depth of the lake is in proportion to the height of the mountains at its sides. We had heard that very large trout were to be obtained in this lake, and consequently had made arrangements to drive out there in two wagons. As it was early in the season we were not able to obtain many boats; a few of the party went out, however, and after an hour's fishing Mr. Kean returned with a *forty-two-pound* lake trout. This locality is particularly celebrated for big-horned sheep, and mountain goats are common on the neighboring heights.

The Sulphur Springs at Banff are highly appreciated by invalids. The air here is soft and balmy, and the records show that the winters are not as severe in the valley as one

might be led to expect. The government has built excellent roads, running in different directions, all through the valley and up the mountain sides. A good livery is kept at the hotel, where horses and carriages can be obtained for excursions in the vicinity. Bridle-paths have also been cut to quite a distance in the mountains. A party could stay a couple of weeks here with very great profit, not only on account of the shooting and fishing, but for the pleasure that would be derived from excursions to the different points of interest.

We stopped for a few minutes about ten miles farther east, at Anthracite, a place where discoveries of anthracite coal have been made. From that point we did not stop until we reached Calgary, where we remained about half an hour, at the request of the mayor and some of the prominent citizens, and enjoyed a drive around the city. Calgary can be compared to the town of Great Falls, in Montana; it seems to be similarly located, and will eventually become a distributing point for the mines and mountain region surrounding it; it is understood that this is now the case with regard to the Northwest and Mackenzie River country. The growth of this town

within the past four years has been something phenomenal.

From Calgary we hurried on eastward until, about sundown, we reached Medicine Hat, situated on the Saskatchewan River. This place is the home of Mr. Niblock, through whose energy enough funds have been raised to build a large hospital for the railroad people. The station at Medicine Hat is one of the prettiest buildings on the prairie; the experimental garden in front of the building in the summer time is one mass of flowers.

We left Medicine Hat at half-past six on the evening of May 31st, taking with us Mr. Niblock's assistant, Mr. Coon, his celebrated ducking dog "Punch," and another dog which we borrowed from a gentleman in Medicine Hat. We ran slowly during the evening, so timing ourselves as to get within about half a mile of Goose Lake at three o'clock in the morning. The train was stopped here on the main track, Mr. Coon having with him a telegraph instrument with which he tapped the wires and kept all east- and west-bound trains out of the way. We then had coffee, and the gentlemen of the party started with their guns and walked up the track, just as

day was breaking. As we neared the lake, which lay to the south, we could hear geese and ducks, as well as many other kinds of wild-fowl, making an incessant squawking and calling. When we reached the lake we found it fairly alive with geese and ducks of every description ; snipe, yellow-legs, and avecet were there in myriads. Owing to the easy manner in which wild-fowl can be killed here, the lake has been nicknamed, by Mr. Van Horne, "Blind-hunter's Lake"; he truthfully contends that all a man has to do is to go there, fire off a gun, and he is sure to hit something. It must be added, however, that this remark only applies to the gunning season.

As it was the close of the season, and our party only desired to obtain a few specimens of game, to be mounted in Winnipeg, we separated, some of us going to the north side of the lake, while others went to the opposite side. About half-past six we returned to the railroad track, at the north end of the lake, each with a few specimens of almost every kind of wild-fowl. All the party then went back along the track, and signalled for the train to come up, when we got on. We made a run for a short distance until we came to another part

of the lake, where a number of swan were seen. We stopped the train, and two of the party tried to stalk them, but found it impossible to get near them, as the swan would invariably get up just before the sportsmen were within gun-shot distance. At Rush Lake we made another stop. This is, probably, the finest shooting lake on the line of the Canadian Pacific; wild-fowl shooting is said to be better here than anywhere else along the road. After spending a half-hour at this lake, we all returned to the train and had breakfast. While waiting at the siding at this lake we were passed by the west-bound Continental. From Rush Lake to Winnipeg we made no stop, except to change engines and take water. We arrived at Winnipeg about eleven o'clock in the evening, having made exceptionally good time.

The following day, Sunday, the second of June, the weather was bright, clear, and quite warm. Shortly after breakfast the American Consul called upon us, and we arranged with him for a visit to Governor Shultz. Some of the party took carriages and drove to church.

In the afternoon the children all took a

drive, and the men of the party visited Mr. Hines, the taxidermist, and left with him a number of heads and specimens that we had procured in the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere, such as moose, elk, and the black-tailed deer. The writer had the pleasure of capturing one of the largest moose heads that had ever been seen in that section of the country; also quite a large elk head.

We all enjoyed our visit in Winnipeg, especially our call upon Governor Shultz, whom we found to be an exceedingly agreeable person. He was very anxious, not only to hear about our trip to Alaska, but also to give the writer information in regard to the Mackenzie River Basin country, of which he had made a study, having been a member of a commission, appointed some years ago by the Canadian Government, to make a report on the subject. He kindly furnished us with a copy of this document. He was very anxious that some time in the near future the writer should make up a party and visit the Mackenzie River, following it down to its outlet. He explained that this scheme was quite practicable, provided the writer could obtain a letter from the Hudson Bay Company giving him the right

to use their boats on the river or its tributaries, wherever they might be found; and he, very kindly, gave the assurance that he could obtain such a letter. Such a trip, he estimated, would occupy about five or six months.

Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, is situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, both of which are navigable by steamships. For many years this city has been the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company, and to-day that company carries on a very large business with the people in the regions to the north and west. As it was Sunday we were not able to visit the warehouses of the Hudson Bay Company, and could only see them from the outside. They look more like large military barracks than the buildings of a private company. Governor Shultz informed us that in former years the Hudson Bay Company were government, counsel, and everything else to this part of the country; that they made their own laws, and even conducted the trials. He also informed us that very few people believe Lord Lonsdale ever penetrated the Arctic region as far as he claimed he did; in fact, that reports from Hudson Bay officials

said that no such person had ever been at certain posts, and that it was next to impossible for him to have gone over to Mollesten's Land, or even to the eastern Arctic coast opposite; besides, the trip from here westward to the Yukon would have required a longer period.

The city is situated on a level plain; the streets are very broad, and the buildings mostly of brick. Within the last few years the town, of course, has grown very rapidly, owing to the Canadian Pacific Railway passing through it, and the Manitoba Railroad reaching it from the south. Many branches of railroad now centre here. The Hudson Bay Company have a railway, which, when we were at Winnipeg, was completed as far as Shoal Lake, forty miles to the northwest. The depot of the Canadian Pacific Railway in this city is a handsome and imposing building, and is the divisional headquarters for that part of the road from Port Arthur to Donald, a distance of 1,454 miles; this is called the Western Division. The land offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway are also located here.

In conversing with the taxidermist, Mr. Hines, and his son, both of whom are ardent

sportsmen, they gave very interesting accounts of the game that can be found north of Winnipeg, at Lake Winnipeg. This game includes moose, caribou, bear, and, in the fall, any number of ducks. They also informed us that the facilities for getting to the hunting grounds were very good. The sportsman could follow

the Hall River nearly the whole distance, part of the way by steamboat and the rest of the way in canoes, making it exceedingly easy to take plenty of supplies. The country is said to resemble very much the Adirondacks or the lake region of Minnesota, from the fact that for miles and miles the hunter can go from one

ALASKAN GAME, KILLISNOO.

lake to another, oftentimes without having to make any carry, while at others he would only have from one to three hundred feet carry to make. They told us, also, that the grounds for camping are excellent; in fact, from their account we came to the conclusion that a trip there during the months of September or October would amply repay any sportsman.

CHAPTER XXII.

FROM WINNIPEG, HOMEWARD BOUND.

We left Winnipeg at three o'clock on the afternoon of June 2d, arriving at Rat Portage about sundown. The scenery west from Lake Winnipeg was very similar to what we had seen the two preceding days, until we approached Rat Portage, when there were some very picturesque views and numerous rock-bound lakes that we passed, many of which were studded with small islands, and were very pretty.

We arrived at Port Arthur about six o'clock on the morning of June 3d, first stopping at Fort William. The ride by moonlight the night before was through scenery different from anything we had seen heretofore. The road twisted and turned around many low hills, across small lakes, winding down rivers, running all the time through an exceedingly

picturesque country. The effect of the moonlight, now and then falling upon these beautiful lakes, of which there was almost a continuous line, was so pleasing as to induce many of the party to sit out on the rear platform until quite late in the evening. If we had not been in a hurry to reach Nepigon, where the party

proposed to have some fishing, we would have stopped over at Winnipeg until the morning, in order to enjoy this scenery, which, though it was not grand, was exceedingly beautiful.

We arrived at Port Arthur, more commonly called Prince Arthur's Landing, at about eight o'clock in the morning, and remained there until the Indians, who were to accompany us on our fishing tour, arrived from Fort William, about half-past one. We procured a

box-car for the canoes. The morning was occupied in visiting various stores, and purchasing provisions and needed articles for the four or five days' camping trip up the Nepigon. We also went down to the docks, and went through one of the fine steam-ships of the Canadian Pacific Company, which ply between Port Arthur and Owen's Sound. Both this place and Fort William are noted for having a great number of large grain elevators. The extensive docks at Port Arthur are also a notable feature of the place.

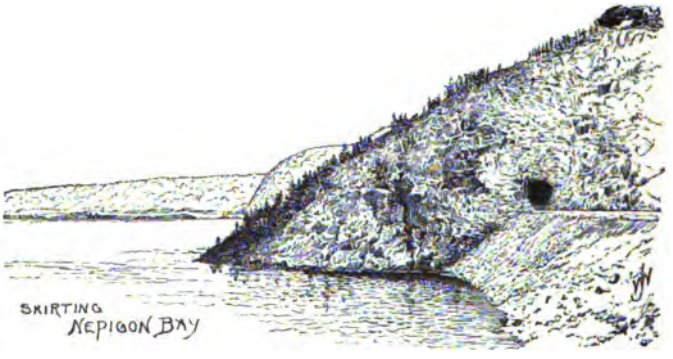
The steamship that we took here was a passenger boat, fitted up with every modern luxury and convenience. The engine-room was so arranged that visitors, instead of being warned away by the sign "No Admittance," were permitted to go through almost every part of it. These boats were built on the Clyde, in Scotland, and the different pieces brought to this country and put together at Lake Superior. The principal freight carried by them is grain.

Directly across the bay from Port Arthur is Thunder Cape. Behind this cape is Silver Islet, noted for having yielded fabulous amounts of silver ore. On the Western

Division, west of Port Arthur, "Central" time and the twenty-four-hour system are used. East of Port Arthur, Eastern time and the old twelve-hour system are used.

We made the short run from Port Arthur to Nepigon, and immediately on our arrival went down the Hudson Bay Company's coast, and called on Mr. Flanagan, the head official of that company. He had been notified by Mr. Van Horne to have everything ready for us in the way of necessary supplies; also canoes and Indians. We procured from him another boat, some Indian tents and blankets, and the party started up the river. It consisted of Messrs. Kean, Purdy, Frank Webb, and George Bird. The writer and Dr. McLane had arranged to remain with the ladies and children while the other members of the party made their trip up the river. We had heard that the Nepigon had been pretty thoroughly fished, owing to its accessibility, and we were told that by going on to Jackfish we would find a number of streams, both east and west, that could easily be reached, and where the fishing was very good. We arrived at Jackfish about sundown. The road from Nepigon to Jackfish sweeps around the north shore of

Lake Superior, and represents a section of the railroad upon which some of the heaviest work on the entire line had to be done. The scene changes constantly, the road sometimes going over deep, rugged cuttings, viaducts, passing through tunnels, and sometimes on the very face of the cliff. One or two miles of road over which we passed cost the company nearly



$500,000 per mile. The water along the shore at some places is from three to five hundred feet deep. It was in this section of the country, views of which are elsewhere given, that the Canadian Pacific Railway spent over $1,500,000 in dynamite alone. The company had to use such a large amount of this explosive that they built an establishment

of their own for its manufacture ; the building was located on an island, which can be seen from the train.

At Schreiber, a divisional point, we changed engines. The Division Superintendent whom we met here very kindly introduced the writer to the engineer of this section of the road, a great fisherman. He not only told us where the best fishing was to be had, but arranged with the foreman of the section at Jackfish, also quite a fisherman, to take us up and down the track on his hand car as often as we might desire.

From Schreiber to Jackfish the road is carried through and around many lofty and precipitous promontories, and over a great number of high trestles. Jackfish is beauti-

fully situated on Jackfish Bay. The mouth of the bay is filled with islands and is one of the land-locked harbors on the north coast of Lake Superior. The place is known principally as a fishing hamlet, and, besides the depot, contains only a few huts occupied by fishermen. Lake trout from ten to twenty pounds in weight are brought in every evening by small sloops. These fish are taken in gill nets in the deep water beyond the islands. Quite a number of brook trout are also caught in this way, each boat bringing in from thirty to seventy-five fish. The fish are cleaned at once and shipped by express to the East, nearly every express train which stops here taking on four or five barrels. When a fisherman comes across a particularly fine brook trout, or lake trout, he packs it in ice and ships it to some particular customer in Ottawa.

Early on the morning of June 4th, Dr. McLane and the writer started on the hand-car with the section foreman and three men and rode four miles east to Steel River, crossing the railroad bridge there and going down to the mouth of the river, where it empties into Lake Superior.

The river here is filled with pools from

twelve to fifteen feet deep, and at other places is from two to three feet deep, though the current is very swift; it is about one hundred yards wide. The writer had scarcely made a cast before he struck a very large trout; after some very lively work, playing him about ten minutes in the swift current, the fish was landed and found to weigh about three pounds. A second attempt resulted in hooking another trout not quite so large. The fishing in this river is said to be better than in any other river on the lake coast. Very few people, however, are aware of this fact, nearly all fishing parties going to the Nepigon. After lunch we went up the river some two miles north of the railroad bridge to one of the prettiest pools we had ever seen. We had fairly good luck here and, in the afternoon, returned on the hand-car to Jackfish. On the following day, Dr. McLane not feeling very well, the writer made the same trip without him, but as the weather was very warm he met with little success. One of the men on the car had been out in the morning to a little brook called Blackbird Creek, about two miles west of Jackfish, and caught ten fine trout with a fly; some of the trout weighed as much as four

pounds each. After lunch the writer took Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Purdy in a sail-boat, and sailed over to this creek, where we got out and fished awhile. We then went up on a high trestle, and waited for Mr. Van Horne, who was expected to come along with our train. The day before he had wired us that he was on his way to the Pacific coast, and he would stop and take up our train with his "special" and take us back to Nepigon, where we had arranged to remain a couple of days until the boys came down the river.

Owing to some little delay down the line we had to wait on the trestle two hours, but Mr. Van Horne finally came along and picked us up. He and his party dined with us that evening, and after leaving us at Nepigon he started westward for the Pacific coast. His last words to us were: "Make yourselves at home, and call for what you want."

Thursday, June 6th, we spent at Nepigon, waiting for the boys to come down the river, and did but very little fishing. The flies had got to be quite thick, and we had to be very careful all day to keep them from getting into the cars. Dr. McLane and the writer spent the evening with Mr. Flanagan and his family,

and were delightfully entertained by his charming wife and daughter. Mr. Flanagan has been located here with his family quite a number of years, and is in charge of the Hudson Bay property. Some foot-races and rifle-matches between the porters on our train, which we got up on this afternoon, proved to be very amusing.

About six o'clock the next evening word was brought to us by an Indian that our party was coming down the river; we telegraphed at once to Port Arthur to send an engine to take us East. The boys arrived about seven o'clock, and, as soon as possible after their arrival, we started for Montreal.

After leaving Jackfish, our journey led us through a very wild and barren country, perhaps the most uninteresting portion of the Canadian Pacific road. There was one succession of small lakes and insignificant mountains. We changed engines four times after we left Schreiber—at White River, Chapleau, Carter, and Sudbury. Chapleau is charmingly situated on Lake Kinogama, and here the railroad company have workshops, and a number of neat cottages for their employés.

We arrived at Sudbury about evening. This

place has a connection with the Sault Ste. Marie Railroad, through to St. Paul and Minneapolis, by the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic and "Soo" route. Just before this time a new passenger line had been opened from Minneapolis to Boston by this route. Large copper mines are situated a short distance from Sudbury, and a number of smelting works have been erected there.

We left Sudbury on the evening of Saturday, June 8th, and arrived at Ottawa on the morning of the 9th, passing North Bay, a very pretty town on Lake Nipissing, during the night. The country from Sudbury to North Bay is very much frequented by sportsmen; bear, moose, and deer are said to abound throughout this region—such, at least, was the statement made by our train-hands. Very little timber seems to have been cut in this region, but wherever the land has been cleared it has been immediately taken for agricultural purposes.

We spent the morning in Ottawa, and left about one o'clock for Montreal, making the run in three hours, and arriving in the new station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near the Windsor Hotel. It was here that we

began to feel that we had almost completed our long and interesting trip. This new depot of the Canadian Pacific Railway is probably one of the finest passenger depots in the country.

Immediately on our arrival we went to the Windsor Hotel for dinner, and there met the genial manager, Mr. Swett, who gave us a very cordial reception, as usual. In the evening we walked around the city, getting back to the train about bedtime.

Our train was taken around to the Grand Trunk Depot, and, on the morning of Monday, June 10th, Mr. Flagg, Mr. Louis Webb, and Mr. Smith arrived from New York to welcome our return. We had intended to stay all day in Montreal, but towards noon the weather became warm and sultry, and, as the party became a little restless and anxious to go to Shelburne, the writer telegraphed to St. Albans for an engine, and we left at five o'clock, reaching home about three hours later. The people of the whole town turned out to greet us on our arrival, and gave us an old-fashioned and right hearty welcome.

Before closing this record of our western trip, it is only proper to say that the whole party were unanimous in the opinion that the

courtesy and kind attention shown by Mr. Van Horne and all of the officials connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway could never be fully repaid, and that it was only through their efforts that our trip had been so thoroughly enjoyable and interesting. It is not too much to say that Mr. Van Horne literally verified the statement made in a letter to the writer prior to the commencement of our journey; that statement was that the Canadian Pacific Railway was at the disposal of the writer to come and go on as he willed, and all that he had to do was to command. Mr. Van Horne's generous hospitality was certainly thoroughly appreciated by every member of the party, and will never be forgotten by the writer.

THE END.

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